

*Whitman*



# THE ART JOURNAL.

NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & CO., PUBLISHERS.

New Series. No. 46.



OCTOBER, 1878.

## THE ART JOURNAL.—CONTENTS No. 46.

### STEEL PLATES.

- I. A TURKISH SCHOOL. From a Painting by J. F. LEWIS, R.A.
- II. ON THE LLUGY, NORTH WALES. From a Painting by B. W. LEADER.
- III. HEAD OF A DEERHOUND. From a Painting by Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A.

### ARTICLES.

- |   | PAGE  |  |
|---|-------|--|
| 1. 'BY THE SAD SEA-WAVES.' <i>With an Illustration,</i>   | - 289 | 7. OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS. Descriptive Text,   |
| 2. NORWAY. XXI. By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A. <i>With Four Illustrations,</i>                                | - 290 | 8. ABOUT BRIC-A-BRAC. By JAMES GRANT WILSON,   |
| 3. THE HOMES OF AMERICA. IV. Some Albany Houses. By M. E. W. S. <i>With Four Illustrations,</i>           | - 293 | 9. EXHIBITION OF FANS AT THE DRAPERS' HALL, LONDON,  |
| 4. THE COST OF A CITY'S TOILETTE. By J. JACKSON JARVES,   | - 298 | 10. THE PICTURES AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION. III. The Spanish Section. By LUCY H. HOOPER,   |
| 5. THE AUTOTYPE PROCESS,  | - 300 | 11. TURNER AND RUSKIN. By F. R. CONDER,  |
| 6. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION. VI. <i>With Twenty-six Illustrations,</i> | - 301 | 12. NOTES: London—Rome—Assyrian Antiquities—Corcoran Gallery, Washington—Munich— <i>The Art Interchange</i> —A Recent Treasure-Trove in Austrian Poland (Galicia)—Bartholdi's Statue of 'Liberty enlightening the World'—Dublin, |

COPYRIGHT BY D. APPLETON & CO., 1878.

## THE ART JOURNAL: AN INTERNATIONAL GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS

*By Distinguished Artists of Europe and America.*

WITH ILLUSTRATED PAPERS IN THE VARIOUS BRANCHES OF ART.

THE ART JOURNAL contains the Steel Plates and Illustrations of the LONDON ART JOURNAL (the exclusive right which, for Canada and the United States, has been purchased by the publishers), with extensive additions relating to American Art and American topics. It is specially devoted to the World of Art—Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Decoration, Engraving, Etching, Enamelling, and Designing in all its branches—having in view the double purpose of supplying a complete illustrated record of progress in the Arts, and of affording a means for the cultivation of Art-taste among the people.

Each number contains three steel plates, with many articles on Art-subjects richly and copiously illustrated with wood engravings. In many instances a single steel plate is worth much more than the entire price of the number. The subjects in some cases are derived from the old masters, but more commonly from the paintings of the modern school, including views of subjects in Sculpture.

Nothing is left undone to sustain the reputation of this publication as the most valuable and beautiful of Art periodicals in the world.

Printing, paper, and general get-up, are of the best character, and such as to win the commendation of all critics.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY. SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION.

PRICE, 75 CENTS PER NUMBER, PAYABLE ON DELIVERY BY THE CARRIER.

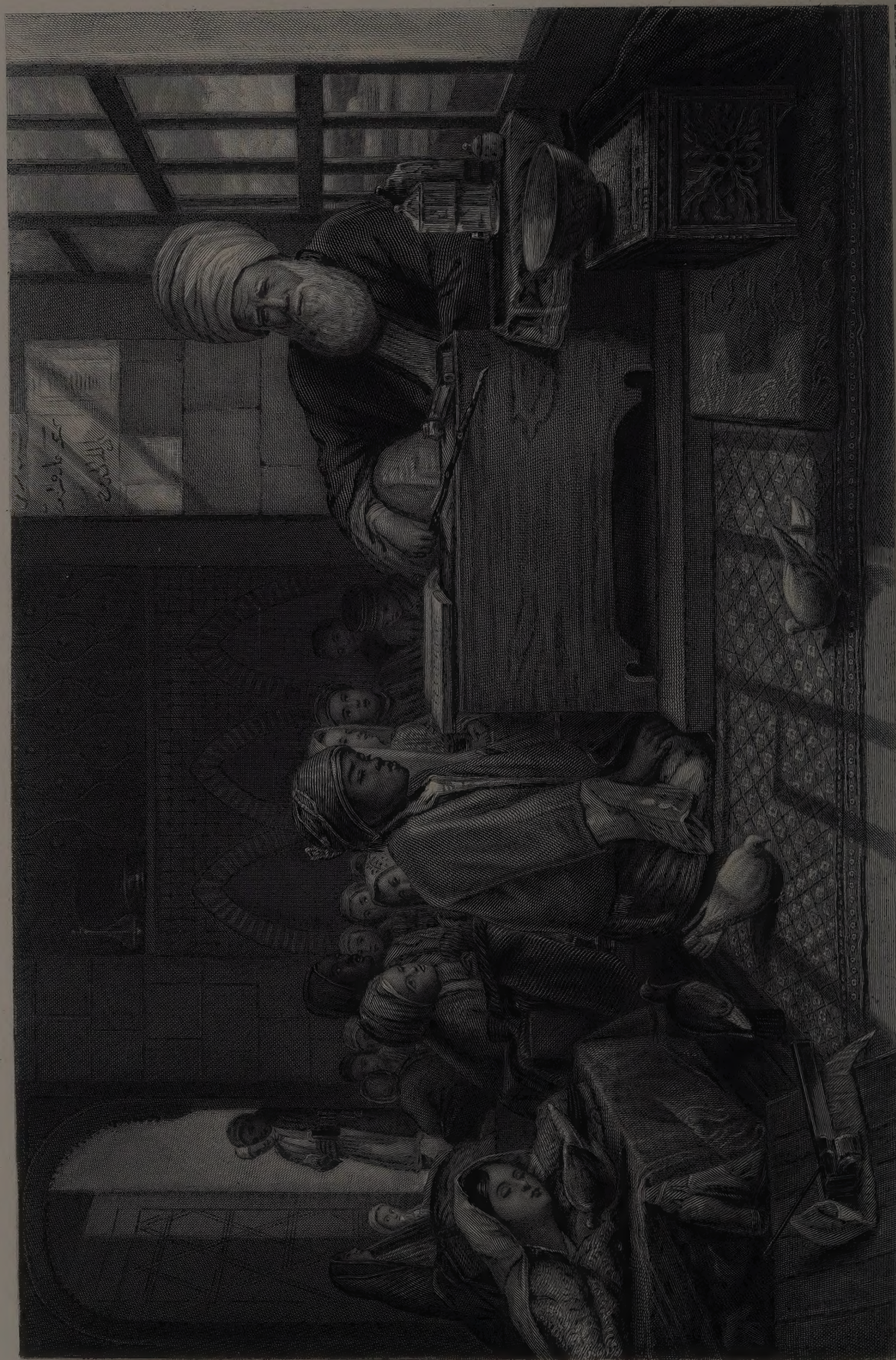
D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, 549 & 551 Broadway, New York.

AGENCIES: 6 Hawley St., Boston; 922 Chestnut St., Philadelphia; 22 Post-Office Avenue, Baltimore; 54 Ninth St., Pittsburg; 100 State St., Albany; State St., Rochester; 61 Washington St., Chicago; 320½ North 3d St., St. Louis; 20 St. Charles St., New Orleans; 230 Sutter St., San Francisco.









W. GREATHACH, SCULPT.

A TURKISH SCHOOL.

J. F. LEWIS, R.A. PINCH





‘BY THE SAD SEA-WAVES.’



IN the exhibition of the National Academy of Design last spring Mr. J. G. Brown's 'By the Sad Sea-Waves' was ranked as one of the best figure-paintings of the collection. It had neither the freshness nor the strength of Mr. Chase's 'Court Jester,' an engraving of which we gave last month, but it was marked by delicate grace and pleasing refinement of tone. Mr. Brown is noted

for his figure and *genre* paintings of American familiar life: he gives us pictures of children by the stream, of young lovers in the wood, of maidens in the village street, always exhibiting a certain fidelity to the prosaic facts of his themes; but in 'By the Sad Sea-Waves' he illustrates a recognisable poetic sentiment, while the execution seemed to us superior to his average work.

OCTOBER, 1878.



## NORWAY.\*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

## CHAPTER XXI.



**F**ISHING for salmon, and the love which sportsmen have for that grandest of all sports, have led to the opening up of Norway to the general traveller. Our first pioneers, finding how importunate were the inquiries of the new-comers respecting the sport, where and how to fish, and that the inclination of some led them to try and bid above the others for the waters they had really well earned by their own energy and perception—all this tended to make men on board the good ship *Tasso* rather *taciturn*. (Excuse the approach to an unintentional pun.) This, however, is not surprising, for men are compelled to be reticent when they know the inevitable consequence of giving details of their sport. Nothing will secure success but earnest work, patience, and biding your time for the happy combination which the best rivers can only afford now and then. Why the whole charm of sport would be dis-

pelled if it became a dead certainty, and a man knew he

would kill so many pounds of fish one day, and none the next No; like the glorious uncertainty of cricket, the uncertainty of fishing is one of its charms; the average of good and bad is equalised, and the old French proverb comes in, that "*Patience et longueur de temps font plus que la rage.*" The noble salmon has become liable to increased and more subtle dangers, within the last few years, besides his old natural enemies. The peasants have new means of torture. First, his foes by nature are the bull-trout and sea-trout, which are the vermin of every river, destroying the spawn wholesale, and even lying in wait for the moment when the female deposits her milt, an instance of which came under our observation. The nets at the mouth of the river are an old institution, but they should be well constructed and supervised; also the "*teena*," or stage, described in a former chapter, where the bonder is anything but the "*sweet little cherub that sits up aloft*;" still it is an old custom, and we like old customs. So also is the "*worm box*" which hangs from the peasant's belt as he goes for some trout, or anything else that may be tempted. The worm box is a very primitive construction, its simplicity being well carried out in the birch twig by which it is suspended, and the two pieces of leather through which the lid slides. It is a picturesque relic of old days.

We must now approach the recent diabolical invention of the "*otter*," which, sad to relate, must have been introduced thoughtlessly by some one who little knew what damage he was doing when, for his own selfish gratification, he fell back upon such unlawful and unsportsmanlike means. Even to obtain food such poaching is unjustifiable. Certainly enough could have been taken for that purpose by fair means. It is of no use, however, dilating upon this; the deed is done, and otters cannot be withdrawn now. If the arm of the law were stretched forth, "*les pommes volées*" would become more than ever "*les plus*



Fresh Fish al fresco.

douces." Then, again, the kindly feeling engendered by good

\* Continued from page 260.

sport and a certain sense of gratitude frequently leads, at the end of a visit, to a gift of flies, perhaps even of a rod. In one



case this occurred, and took the following form. The gentleman who had the river gave to Nils his *elve wakker*, a salmon rod, and flies. Early in the season Nils began to avail himself of the new fishing-gear, and soon wrote home to his benefactor to say that the salmon were coming up the river, he had broken both tops of the rod, and lost most of the flies; would the gentleman kindly send out some more flies and tops to get the river ready for him? We do not think this was done; it could hardly be expected that any man would like all the salmon he killed to be landed with more than one fly, perhaps one in his mouth, one in each fin, and finally one in his tail. What an awful apparition for even the merest tyro! Such liberality does not emanate from real sportsmen or hands; it is simply mistaken kindness. This brings to mind many stories concerning

salmon-fishing. It is often remarked that "truth is stranger than fiction." When an M.P. fishing in Scotland played and held his fish all night, and on the following morning lost him, and a friend of his afterwards killed a salmon with one of the M.P.'s favourite flies in his tail, that was certainly an event, but hardly to be compared with what we are about to relate. In the large rivers of Norway a fishing may extend four miles, and the fishing next to that only three, so that different waters are let to different persons. In the present instance our foreign Izaak Walton was fishing the very top water, and, as good luck would have it, hooked a "*stor lax*," perchance a forty-pounder. He played him firmly and steadily, but the fish after a time got the gentleman at the reel end of the rod through the next water and the next. Hours rolled on,



*A Good Beginning.*

yet still down they went, and by the next morning arrived at a shallow part of the river. A Norwegian peasant came up, and despite the national dislike to going into the water, plunged into the river, and walked out with the "*stor lax*" in his arms—DEAD, and reported that he must have been dead for the *last five hours*. Nevertheless he got him, and a fine fish he was, with one fly in the right place. The Norwegians have a great admiration and respect for a good fisherman. One morning, speaking of the average sport of the river, and referring to that of last year, we inquired if — were a good fisherman. Knut answered emphatically, "No; he is a poor man, a very poor man." We naturally replied, "But in England he is a very rich man." "Ah!" said Knut with strong emphasis, "when he was here he was no richer than we, but the flies bite

him much more." What contentment! no envying, although a latent satisfaction creeps out, which decidedly evinces an under-current of thought.

Trout-fishing has the great charm of taking Piscator into the most lovely and retired spots. The salmon, as a larger fish, takes us to a grander scale of nature. The water of the cheerful little trout-stream is changed for the rushing river, and the comparatively low bank sometimes gives place to a position like that in the subjoined illustration, which was taken from above a grand pool, the *Stige-steen*, or Ladder-rock, connecting it with the side of the river. Having said somewhat of fishing, let us now turn to the "*aldermanic view*" of the salmon, and hark back to a happy day when a lady had killed a nice fish, about fourteen pounds and a half, which was to be cooked on the spot: it is



well to observe the process and make a note thereof. Cut the salmon in slices, and boil them for ten minutes; then let the

water in which they were cooked boil on, with the head added; put in a little fresh butter, pepper, and salt, and serve as gravy



*The Stige-steen, or Ladder-rock.*

or sauce. With a Norwegian appetite it is perfect, and very simple. N.B.—Fish killed at noon, served at two P.M. This is

fresh fish, and contrasts most favourably with the frozen salmon which travels ice-bound to the metropolis of Great Britain.



*Casting.*

Evening is the best time for fishing, and the long twilight, which helps the enthusiast for trout and salmon fishing at

eleven or twelve, can only be realised by those who know the glories of the North. It seems a curious thing to take, when



travelling, a green blind to pin up in order to exclude the light when wishing to get off to sleep; still it is necessary at first, although nature is so elastic that she very readily adapts herself to circumstances, when the green blind can be easily given to some new-comer, or lent as a passing boon.

One word in reference to the illustration, "A Good Beginning." It was our last morning; wind, rain, mist low down—in fact, blowing hard. No. 3 was up at five A.M., and found the tentmaster-general had passed a restless night, every coverlet and blanket being knotted, twisted, and twined into the most

perfect disorder. This was attributed to the fact that it was his last night of the season in Norway, and his usually placid sleep had been disturbed with Norsk nightmare. He must have been dreaming of trolls and nörken, and fancied that he was gaffing ogres or bjergtrolis instead of fine clean fish. The weather was the last straw which broke the camel's back—he would not go. "You go," was his rejoinder. So the patriarch, who had always been steadily drinking in nature, went; and this was the result to greet his companions when they came down to breakfast.

## THE HOMES OF AMERICA.

### SOME ALBANY HOUSES.

IT is a curious commentary on the fitful nature of American tendencies, that two of the most interesting historical houses in this country stand to-day in perfect living order, and, although one of them is inhabited, yet both have ceased to be the homes of the

distinguished families who gave them, for many years, the prominence they deservedly possess as American homes.

The grand old manor-house of the Van Rensselaers, at Albany, has been abandoned within a few years, after having, in 1867, passed



*Van Rensselaer Manor-House.*

This beautiful old house of brown-stone, with its ample wings, its simple architectural elegance, its park, its magnificent trees, has that aristocratic air which belongs to the feudal period when the Van Rensselaers possessed baronial rights.

It is a romantic story, that of the pearl-merchant of Amsterdam, Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, who became a director in the Amsterdam branch of the Dutch West India Company, in 1621. This seems to have been an "associate band of merchant warriors and chiefs, with a chartered domain and jurisdiction, as well for conquests as for trade and colonisation, extending in Africa from Cancer to the Cape, and in America from the extreme south to the frozen regions of the north, and with the right to visit and fight in

its hundredth birthday, for the members of the family no longer wish to keep it as a home—the incursions of the busy, prosperous city having reached the confines of their extensive park, and the house itself is large for any but a very numerous family.

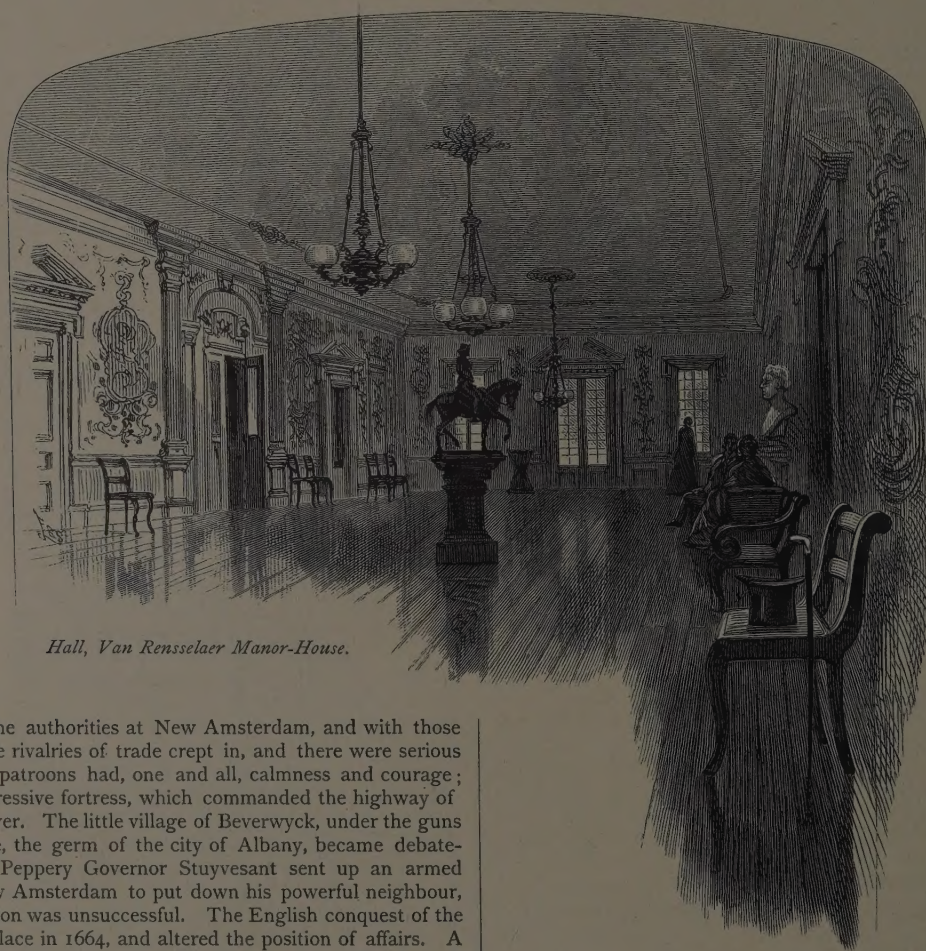


every sea where their own or a national enemy could be found." Ample powers of government also attended them everywhere. After they had obtained a footing in this country, a college of nine commissioners was instituted to take the superior direction and charge of the affairs of New Netherland. Kiliaen Van Rensselaer was a member of this college. This was in 1629. The same year a liberal "charter of privileges to *patroons and others*" was obtained from the company. Colonisation by the Dutch had its origin and foundation in this extraordinary instrument. The same instrument provided also for founding a landed and baronial aristocracy for the provinces of the Dutch in the New World. Early in the next year, with the design of establishing his colony under the charter, Van Rensselaer sent out an agency, when his first purchase of land was made of the Indian owners, and sanctioned by the authorities of the company at New Amsterdam. Other pur-

chases were made for him in subsequent years until 1637, when his full complement of territory having been made up (and forming a tract of about twenty-four miles in breadth by forty-eight in length), Kiliaen Van Rensselaer came himself to take charge of his colony.

He was given the title of *patroon*. He had exactly the position of a feudal baron. "He acknowledged the government at New Amsterdam and the States-General as his superiors, but within his own territorial limits he owned his own fortresses, planted his own cannon, manned with his own soldiers, and with his own flag waving over them justice was administered in his name. The colonists were his immediate subjects, and took the oath of fealty and allegiance to him."\*

This powerful position was not, however, a bed of roses. *Patroon* Van Rensselaer had to maintain peace with hostile tribes of



Hall, Van Rensselaer Manor-House.

Indians, with the authorities at New Amsterdam, and with those of Holland; the rivalries of trade crept in, and there were serious disputes. The *patroons* had, one and all, calmness and courage; also a very impressive fortress, which commanded the highway of the Hudson River. The little village of Beverwyck, under the guns of Fort Orange, the germ of the city of Albany, became debateable ground. Peppery Governor Stuyvesant sent up an armed force from New Amsterdam to put down his powerful neighbour, but the expedition was unsuccessful. The English conquest of the province took place in 1664, and altered the position of affairs. A son of Kiliaen was in possession. He died in 1674. The line of Kiliaen's eldest son became extinct, and in 1704 a charter from Queen Anne confirmed the estate to another Kiliaen, the eldest son of Jeremias Van Rensselaer. From father to son the estate passed down, by the laws of inheritance, from that time to 1839.

Jeremias Van Rensselaer was a singularly handsome man, if one may judge by his portrait, which, in a richly-embroidered waistcoat, and large-cuffed, much-befrogged velvet coat, hangs before us. His wig is the densely-curled, powdered, artificial one of Godfrey Kneller's pictures. The ruffles about his well-shaped hands, his delicate frills and necktie, seem to indicate that this particularly successful and honourable man was a bit of a dandy. He administered the affairs of the colony admirably, was much respected by the French, and had great influence over the Indians. His correspondence still exists, showing talent and enormous industry. He died in 1684, universally respected.

It was during his endeavour to obtain a patent for the manor

from the Duke of York and Albany (afterwards granted by Queen Anne) that our capital city obtained its name.

His son Kiliaen was first lord of the manor of Rensselaerwyck, as it was called, in distinction from the "colonie." For, by the royal charter of 1685, the manor of Rensselaerwyck had been converted into a regular lordship or manor, with all the privileges belonging to an English estate, and the family held all these rights unimpaired down to the Revolution. For eighty-four years before the Revolution some Van Rensselaer was always in the Assembly of the province. And yet, with the "Dutch love for liberty and tulips," the proprietors of this noble property, amid all the hot political controversies between the Assembly and the royal go-

\* Hon. D. D. Barnard.



vernors, always gave their votes on the side of *popular liberty*. They voted against themselves, and *with the country* they had helped to conquer and to make. It is a magnificent record of political honesty.

In 1764 was born Stephen Van Rensselaer, "the last of the barons." His father was also Stephen. His mother was a daughter of Philip Livingston, whose name is seen on the Declaration of Independence. Thus the infant, whose life was to bridge over the great day of American history of two opposite political systems, who was born the subject of a king, himself a nobleman, with immense estates, and with baronial privileges, lived to see himself a mere owner of acres, with just the political privileges of his own freehold tenantry; and to his honour be it spoken, during his long, useful, and beautiful life, he is said never to have lamented the loss, but to have rejoiced that a whole nation had been raised to an equality with himself.

The present manor-house, the subject of our sketch, was built, as we learn by an iron calendar on the gable, in 1765, when the last patroon was a year old. His father died when he was five years old, and left his son to a long minority. He seems to have been admirably cared for, and to have transmitted to posterity the good name earned by his ancestry. He was not so rich or so powerful as had been his predecessors. The Revolution changed all that; yet, he was very well off, no doubt—well enough off to marry at nineteen Margaret, well-endowed daughter of General Philip Schuyler, one of the "pretty, black-eyed girls" of whom Charles Carroll speaks.

The last patroon let out his vast domains on long terms, offering leases in fee—a course most advantageous to the poor tiller of the soil in those days, and to the proprietor perhaps the best thing which could be done, but which was to lead to the Anti-Rent Wars, and which occasioned great trouble to his descendants.

General Stephen Van Rensselaer, who united the blood of the Schuylers and Van Rensselaers, and who was the last landlord of the manor-house, added wings and improved the residence on his accession in 1840. On the walls of the great hall still hangs, however, the paper brought from Holland a hundred years ago. The internal architecture of the main part of the building has been little changed; some of the ornamentation is very *rococo*. At the death of his widow, about three years since, the house was dismantled and offered for sale. Is it too much to ask that the great State of New York should purchase it, and keep it as a monument to a patriotic, sterling, and hospitable race?

It is pleasant to hear an Albanian pronounce the name "Van Rensselaer." If the changes of political situation have deprived this family of manorial rights, if a republican form of government seems to forbid the right of primogeniture, there is still one manorial right, which neither time nor circumstance nor republican rulers can take away from this family, and that is the right *to be well spoken of at home*. "To have the old manor-house shut has ruined the social estate of Albany," said an enthusiastic friend of the family; and, indeed, as it stands now, surrounded by its lofty primeval friends the trees, planted no doubt about the old fort, and shading later the "reed-roofed house" of some Kiliaen or Jeremias, it is too noble and beautiful a house to abandon, too well preserved to tear down, too perfect in its way to alter.

Across the town, on the corner of Schuyler and Lansing Streets, on a high hill, with innumerable steps leading down to the street, stands the residence of General Philip Schuyler, one of the great names of American history—the pure patriot, the chivalrous gentleman, the clever, sagacious, painstaking, and successful man of affairs; one of the men to whom our country owes most, and after Washington the one perhaps to be most consistently admired: for General Schuyler worked hard, sacrificed immensely, felt the pain of official and political injustice, but bore every reverse of popular favour, every hasty judgment, with a patience which was sublime. He came of a busy, energetic, fighting race. The Schuylers were ever constructing or pulling down. They could not keep still. They were builders, or fighters, or both—"anything but a quiet life" was their motto. They were a gifted race, and imbued with a strong sense of justice. They had the great impersonal passions of patriotism, philanthropy, and love of liberty. If they liked to fight, it was always on the right side.

The Duke de Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, who visited Albany in

1795, leaves this sketch of the two great families, who, always intermarrying, yet sometimes quarrelling, may be compared to some of the great Italian families of the Middle Ages who divided a city between them:—

"The Schuylers and the Van Rensselaers are the most respectable families in point of wealth and interest; having intermarried with each other, their influence is altogether irresistible in the county. The Schuylers are endowed with more talents and knowledge, but the Rensselaers possess more riches—and money is a powerful spring in the management of a state. General Schuyler bears the character of a man of much acuteness and uncommon abilities; he is frequently employed in state affairs, and it is his earnest wish to promote and raise the navigation, industry, and prosperity of his country."

General Schuyler built his handsome town-house in the year 1760, or thereabout, and his extensive grounds ran to the river. Now Lansing Street has been cut down to such a depth that the old house seems perched in air. The city has taken all below it, but the unrivalled view of the high ground on the opposite side of the river, and of the Hudson and valley for many a long league to the south, remains unimpaired.

It is an impressive house from its size and situation, but has little or no architectural pretension without. Within it has a great deal of good carving, and wainscotted, high rooms, broad halls, and doors fitted to the passage of stiff brocades.

The memories of the house are, however, its "field-mark and device." Here came Burgoyne, after burning the general's house and mills at Saratoga, to be received as well as if he had paid the family a high compliment. Hither came the Baroness Riedesel, brimming over with gratitude to the chivalrous gentleman who treated her so gently in the hour of her distress and danger, after Burgoyne's surrender. Her description is so pretty and feminine, that perhaps it may be recorded here:—

"As I drew near the tents, a handsome man approached and met me, took my children from the *calèche*, and hugged and kissed them, which affected me almost to tears. 'You tremble,' said he; 'be not afraid.' 'No,' I answered, 'you seem so tender and kind to my children it inspires me with courage.' He now led me to the tent of General Gates, where I found Generals Burgoyne and Phillips, who were on a friendly footing with the former.

"All the generals remained to dine with General Gates. The same gentleman who received me so kindly, now came and said to me: 'You will be very much embarrassed to eat with all these gentlemen; come with your children to my tent, where I will prepare for you a frugal dinner and give it with a free-will.' I said, 'You are certainly a husband and a father, you have shown me so much kindness.' He treated me with excellent smoked tongue, beef-steaks, potatoes, and good bread-and-butter. Never could I have wished to eat a better dinner. I was content; I saw all around me were so also."

Afterwards this excellent, hospitable, and generous man received Burgoyne and the baroness at his house at Albany.

"The British commander was well received by Mrs. Schuyler," says the Marquis de Chastellux, in his "Travels in America," "and lodged in the best apartment in the house. An excellent supper was served him in the evening, the honours of which were done with so much grace that he was affected even to tears, and said with a deep sigh, 'Indeed, this is doing too much for the man who ravaged their lands and burned their dwelling.'"

Sir John Burgoyne had burned the country-house at Saratoga which will ever remain to the descendants of the general as the *real* historical house of the family. A house built so late as 1760 is a modern and plebeian house to a family who still keep the silver mugs brought over from Holland by Philip Pietersen Schuyler in 1650, he who married *Margritta Van Slechtenhorst*, daughter of the director of Rensselaerswyck, and who had "ten goodly children." This noble ancestress did not hesitate to defend her house and her children, even her grown sons, when attacked by an enemy, with her own right arm! Her son Peter, first Mayor of Albany, and famous in history as the Colonel Schuyler who took the Mohawk chiefs to England, is thus mentioned in an old history of Albany: "Colonel Schuyler was despatched with five of the Agoneaseah chiefs to England, with an address. No man at this time was better calculated for this design than Colonel Schuyler. He was born and brought up at Albany—then the seat of the Indian



trade and influence. He was perfectly acquainted with the manners, customs, and character, of the Indians. His influence with the Agoneaseah was greater than that of any other man. Whenever their chiefs came to Albany he invited them to entertain-

ments at his house. It was in this way that he had acquired an ascendancy over them. Colonel Schuyler's arrival in England with the Agoneaseau chiefs excited considerable notice. Wherever he went the people collected in crowds. The peers, lords, and com-



*The Schuyler Mansion.*

mons, desired to see them; the queen and her court were no less solicitous. The court of St. James was then in mourning. The chiefs were therefore dressed in mourning, and had an audience with her Majesty. Sir Charles Cottrel, master of the ceremonies, conducted them from their quarters to the court, where they were introduced by the lord-chamberlain into the royal presence. Their speech on the 19th of April, 1710, is preserved by Oldmixon."

"Margritta Van Slechtenhorst's" youngest son John (they were always John or Philip, these Schuylers) held a captain's commission in 1690, when he led an expedition into Canada and penetrated as far as La Prairie, he being then only twenty-two years old. He possessed great influence with and among the Indians, and is mentioned frequently in La Potherie's "History of North America."

From this resolute man comes our General Philip Schuyler, in whom all the virtues and talents of his family culminated. He was the grandson of this valiant Captain John. It is no wonder that, as no man's work is historical to himself, General Philip Schuyler should not have cared to keep the beautiful house he himself built, in his family, but at his death ordered it to be sold, and the proceeds to go into his general estate.

From the famous Colonel Peter, who took the Indians to England, descended Philip, "the well-beloved of the Mohawks," who married his cousin Katrina; she became the "Aunt Schuyler" of Mrs. Grant's world-renowned "Albany Society a Hundred Years ago."

Indeed, the friendship of the Indians for the Schuyler family is one of the most interesting family traditions. Always kind, always just, always brave, the young Schuylers who were sent out (it was a family fashion), as soon as they were old enough, to treat with the Indians, to learn their language, and to study the art of woodcraft under these primeval teachers, made allies of the men of the Six Nations—heroes who were not unworthy of the pictures afterwards drawn of them by novelist and painter. The Indians came to Albany once a year, or more frequently, and insisted on naming all the children of the Schuyler blood. Among those who received this savage baptism was Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, whose Indian name is still preserved in the family. She was Eliza, the second daughter of General Schuyler, and is mentioned by Rochefoucauld-Liancourt.

It would be delightful to record many an interesting incident in the lives of these energetic

young Schuylers, who received as a present, on their attaining to the age of eighteen, "a canoe and a negro boy," and who were politely requested, by not too indulgent parents, to go off into the wilderness and prove their mettle. Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, whose "Albany Society One Hundred Years ago" has been recently reprinted, says of them, that it was remarkable to notice the change in the expression of their faces after this first adventurous and hard journey. "They came back grave, silent, with a sort of Indian sadness about them," she says. And no wonder! they had learned to depend on themselves alone. It would also be interesting to note that procession of the young Albanians, from the wilderness and the Mohawks, down to the "still-veiled Bermoothes," where they went to sell their peltries, and to buy rum and sugar and other products of those fertile and sunny isles. Commerce must have had sharp contrasts, strange, romantic episodes in those days, and the interruption of that West Indian trade, the desertion and subsequent ruin of the islands, is a story worthy the pen of the novelist.

Did time permit, one would like to allude to contemporaneous and important allusions to historical events. Here is one conversation as to the War of the Spanish Succession, which is curious and interesting:

"1701. Alderman David Schuyler informs the meeting that upon his arrivall at Mont Reyall in Canida, on ye 14th of April last, was informed y<sup>t</sup> ye merchandize he conveyed thither were prohibited goods, whereupon he Resolved to ask y<sup>e</sup> governor's leave to expose them freely to Sale, which after being graunted, was Invited to dine with ye goven<sup>r</sup> and being in discourse together after Dinner, ye govern<sup>r</sup> pleased to ask said Schuyler as follows: What news have you in your parts, where vessels arrive daily from Eu-



rope, and here but once in a year. Wee have here News by a Letter from Lakadie to one Mons Menel a Jesuit here of ye death of ye King of Spaine and ye Pope with another King, not certain whether it is King William or King James. I suppose you can inform the truth thereof to us. Said Schuyler answered that wee have had ye tidings of ye King of Spaine's death and life this five or six years long and hearing such news so often causes us not to minde it without the certainty thereof. Then said Schuyler asked why such strick inquire was made after ye King of Spaine's death by severall people just at his arrival there. The Govern'r answered because they are informed of a dispute for the Kingdom of Spaine and said where two have difference sometimes they fall out in quarrel. S<sup>d</sup> Schuyler repleyed that wee received news last year that ye two Kings were come to an agreement concerning ye Kingdom and therefore he believd there was no fear of warr. Then ye govern'r say'd yt he still Remembered ye Cruell and Barbarous murders committed by ye Heathen in shedding of Innocent Christian Blood in ye late warr and yt it would be much better for these parts in America, in case a warr broak out between ye two crownss, that both Kings concluded such an order as was in King Charles Reign for us to sett still, since we only injured each other by such skulking partys."

Imagine a Mayor of Mont Reyall to-day, receiving such late news of the death of a king and a pope! Yet his advice was quite as good as any Mayor of Montreal could give to-day. One wonders if rapid transit and the telegraph have improved matters much, so far as wisdom in the conduct of affairs is concerned.

Philip John Schuyler, as he writes himself in his family Bible, was born in 1733, and was left fatherless at the age of eight. He was under the care of a very noble mother, Cornelia Van Cortlandt, who was worthy of her Roman name. He was to inherit large estates; he was that important personage, the oldest son, but he went through the rigorous discipline of all the Schuylers. He had, perhaps, greater advantages of education, was sent to the learned Huguenots of New Rochelle, and there, although a youthful martyr to the gout, pursued his studies with a Mohawk firmness. In his eighteenth year, however, he was deep in the wilderness, on the borders of the Upper Mohawk, where he exchanged names with two great chieftains, a compliment to both. From this time until his death, he maintained his influence with the great tribes of the Iroquois confederacy.

We find him in New York in 1753, going into the fashionable and aristocratic society which his birth and lineage entitled him to enter. He went to see a play, "The Conscious Lovers," in the little theatre in Nassau Street, between the present Fulton, and John Streets, then under the charge of "Lewis Hallam, who had a company performing at Williamsburg, in Virginia, and at Annapolis, in Maryland." This note appeared on the play-bills:

"Gentlemen and Ladies that intend to favour us with their company, are desired to come by six o'clock, being determined to keep to our hour, as it would be a great inconvenience to them to be kept out late, and a means to prevent disappointment."



*Residence of the late General Worth.*

But Philip John Schuyler did not much enjoy the play. He was a "conscious lover" himself, and thinking of a certain "sweet Kitty V. R.," whom he married in 1755, a fact which he thus records: "In the year 1755, on the 17th Sept., was I Philip John Schuyler

married, in the 21st year, 9th month, and 17th day of his age, to Catherine Van Rensselaer, aged 20 years, 9 mo., and 27 days. May we live in peace and to the glory of God!"

This prayer was answered. It was a happy marriage; they



lived together forty-eight years, and fourteen children blessed them. As we have seen, they together dispensed a princely hospitality from their house which is the subject of the sketch, for forty years. One of its "carvings," unintentionally made, remains to characterise the stormy times which the family lived through. It is the mark of a tomahawk, thrown by a hostile Indian at the retreating figure of Miss Margaret Schuyler, afterwards the wife of the last patroon—that Stephen Van Rensselaer who first inhabited the present manor-house. It was in 1781, the war was at its height. A party of Tories conceived the idea of seizing the person of General Schuyler, and carrying him off a prisoner to Canada. A man named Wattenmeyer, assisted by Canadians and Indians, made the assault. The general was forewarned, but not so well prepared but that his assailants gained an entrance. Gathering his family into an upper room, his daughter suddenly remembered that the baby had been forgotten, and was on the ground-floor in her cradle in the nursery. She rushed back with impulsive bravery, caught her infant sister in her arms, and bore her off in safety. An Indian hurled a sharp tomahawk at her as she ascended the stairs. It cut her dress and just escaped the child's head.

This youngest daughter of the general, so miraculously saved from the tomahawk, became Mrs. Cochran, of Oswego. She had the singular adventure, also, of meeting at the communion-table of the Episcopal Church at Utica, sixty years after her father's death, two full-blooded Oneida chiefs by the name of Schuyler, descendants of those who had exchanged names with the young Philip in 1751.

To the great house with its troop of negro slaves, its fourteen children, its unlimited hospitality, its distinguished guests, came, of course, those unfeeling visitors—disease and death. General Schuyler was a martyr to the gout, from youth to age. A game of whist, however, was an unfeeling amusement with him, and he never allowed his sufferings to interfere with his usefulness. The death of his daughter, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, of his wife, and of his son-in-law, Hamilton, all occurred within four years, and clouded

deeply the evening of his days; but generous, loving, patient, as he had ever been, he lived on, giving consolation, aid, and love, to all his large family of descendants, one of the most perfect characters, and one of the greatest men, that our history has produced.

He died on the 18th of November, 1804, at the age of seventy-one. The great part which he played in our Revolutionary annals, is too well known to be even alluded to here. The house which he built, and which he honoured by living in, is indeed a historical house, and should belong, like that of his son-in-law, the last patroon, to the State of New York, to be forever kept, a monument of her noble son.

The house of General Worth is on the road which leads from Albany to Troy, near the Arsenal of Watervliet. General Worth served as a young man on the Niagara frontier in the War of 1812, was a brave and distinguished soldier, did good work in the Florida War, and concluded his services to his country in the war with Mexico. His attack upon the heavily-fortified town of Molino del Rey brought upon him much criticism at the time, as having involved great loss of life. Viewed by the light of recent events it is, however, thought to have been entirely justifiable from a military point of view. He died of a fever, at Vera Cruz. The city of New York has testified her sense of his merits by erecting a statue to him in her most beautiful square—her future "Place de la Concorde."

His house, which was but a temporary home for the brilliant, accomplished, and highly-popular soldier, is a plain structure of wood, with a heavy portico of Ionic columns. The view of the Hudson, opposite the door, is very calm and lovely. Certain fine trees ornament the small park. There is nothing to distinguish it from many of the comfortable villas which join it, except the memory of its brave, distinguished, and popular owner, who passed a few years there when not engaged in the active service of his country.

M. E. W. S.

## THE COST OF A CITY'S TOILETTE.



FIRENZE la bella, the beautiful Florence, by emphasis of all the globe, Arno's city of lilies, is synonymous, wherever civilisation is known, with all those conditions of landscape, climate, Art, history, and those scenes and associations which are most pleasing to the taste of the scholar or the desires of the ordinary traveller. Florence is indeed a charming word, that conjures up varied delights in the hearts and minds not only of those who behold its charms, but of those who can only read of them. To enumerate its attractions would be to repeat a thousand-times-told story like the Arabian Nights, which is on every one's lips. This is not my purpose. Leaving, therefore, Dante, Giotto, Fra Angelico, Raphael, Leonardo, Buonarrotti, Galileo, and its scores of scarcely less renowned men of all shades of genius, to repose quietly in their beds of fame, and their works to proclaim their qualities, universal passports to every cultivated understanding, we will walk out of Porta Romana up the famous drive of the "Colli," following its winding course amid villas and every variety of Nature adorned by Art, each step surprised by a new joy, until we stand in the Piazza of Michael Angelo to the east, with Florence at our feet. Here the eye first follows the Arno, sparkling and rippling through its vistas of bridges until it loses itself amid the groves of the far-away plain which spreads itself in a sea of verdure, vanishing in a soft mist against the western horizon. But farther still rise the tiara-peaks of the Carrara mountains, snow-capped, golden-hued, their soft undulating forms veiled in purple haze and many-tinted ether, transparent as loftiest truth, repeating themselves on either side of the plain in mountain-ranges, breaking and toppling into hidden valleys like the gently-tossing crests of as many land-waves, until they meet together in Vallambrosa's loftier heights, and shut off further landscape toward the orient. Pistoja, Prato Vinci, Signa,

and many another old feudal town—last relics of the most stirring and picturesque civilisations the world has ever seen—glimmer on their chestnut-wooded sides, and hoary-headed Fiesole nigher at hand, still vaunts with civic pride its three thousand years of life amid its Etruscan brood of flanking hamlets, whose grim, war-inviting architecture still exists to recall their common ancestry. Ancient ruins, towers, churches, convents, castles, mediæval and modern villas guarded by sepulchral cypresses, quarries, forests struggling to repossess themselves of their olden hill-tops, warmed by iridescent hues under cerulean skies against vine and olive-hued foregrounds, all commingle in a glorious panorama for the sight to revel in; and, not knowing what to choose where everything is best, it rapturously accepts the whole as a sweet dream of some better land in another sphere.

Almost in the centre of this wonderful commingling of Art and Nature, and in complete æsthetic unity with them, lies Florence itself, like a huge diamond in an appropriate setting of precious stones. As she catches and absorbs every colour of the sun's amorous blushes, her palaces, domes, and campaniles, seem to be aglow with the tints of precious gems, hues of rare flowers, all alive with the joy of happy existence. Its appearance suggests so pointedly the festive and romantic phases of a beauteous terrestrial life, its coquetting pleasures, brilliant display, and richest attire, that instead of a jewel the simile of a lovely belle, irresistible in her attractions of person and toilette, comes more forcibly to our fancy. Florence is, indeed, the belle of cities, crowned with costliest gems, the queen of song and gaiety, in whose bosom there ever reigns omnipotent the spirit of the Decameron, with Boccaccio its ever-living master of ceremonies. Indeed, its *insouciant* population, floating and permanent, would gladly make existence a perpetual revel. They rejoice greatly in *fêtes*, amusements, beauty, and brightness of every fashion, not boisterously and rudely, but



with innate grace and the quiet beatitude of a serious conviction that these are the true atmosphere and aim of their own being at all events, and as ardently abhor sadness, pessimism, persistent, ungracious toil, and every hard, grinding, pitiless fact of mere homely living and doing. Their supreme passion is to make a figure out-of-doors—cost whatever sacrifice it may in-doors—heedless of the future, so that the present is to their liking, ever putting their trust in the pet maxim, *Gente allegra Iddio l'aiuta*, "God will help the light-hearted." Florence has never been without its prophets to warn them that too much play is quite as injurious to the well-being of humanity as too much work; but the people at large have shown themselves no more fond of reforming Savonarolas than the Jews were of lamenting and threatening Jeremiahs. Therefore, in calculating the cost of its toilette, and commenting on its consequences, the popular feeling, a bequest of centuries, must be duly considered; for without such a base for their civic policy, and firm faith that their course was the right one for Florence, the city fathers by themselves never could have brought it to its present desperate condition.

Ever since Italy became a united kingdom some seventeen years ago, Florence has been embellishing herself until she has reached the verge of bankruptcy. I say *embellishing* with distinct meaning, because, although there is much to show in her new quays, water-works, sewers, widened streets, and improved quarters of solid utility and real necessity, the general scope of the expenditure has been towards extravagant and precocious adornment, more than to the development of those things most needful for the city's substantial growth and financial prosperity. None can dispute that Florence does *far figure* in a style of beauty that might well excite the envy of other cities, and foster the pride of its own citizens, could the ruthless spectre of grim Distress which now confronts them but be conjured away never to return.

It is a strange anomaly, however, that the most costly and beautiful of the embellishments, the promenade of the Colli, without a rival in all Europe, with its seductive gardens, walks, magnificent views, and endless surprises of natural, artistic, and historical charms, the lyric poem of pleasure-grounds, easily accessible, being at their very doorsteps, is not frequented by the Florentines, and, were it not for strangers, would be a comparative desert. Perhaps, being embarrassed in their choice of such riches, they prefer the flat and more prosaic Cascine, which involves, on foot or in carriage, no ascent whatever, although the gently meandering, rising roadways of the Colli, as smooth as a ballroom-floor, with their verdure and flowers and omnipresent picturesqueness at every turn, to Anglo-Saxon taste and love of healthful exercise offer infinitely superior attractions.

Be this as it may, the Colli prove to be a dead loss of money to the Florentines themselves, so far as they appear to appreciate their rare beauty. A few rural paths, and some inexpensive modifications of the general features of the hillsides, would have served their turn better than all those costly scientific and ambitious embankments, terraces, and massive architectural structures, on which so many millions of francs have been wasted; not to speak of the minor details, terminating in the pseudo-classic *café* of the wilderness of the Piazza of Michael Angelo, with its incongruous composite monument of bronze copies of some of his chief works, put together after a fashion which would mightily enrage his æsthetic soul could it be cognisant of this unhappy effort to do him honour.

Nevertheless, all the work on the Colli has been done with the solidity and skill characteristic of the Florentine engineers and artisans, and will endure for centuries, or at least, let us devoutly hope, long enough for the Florentines to practically appreciate its extraordinary merits, and forget in its enjoyment their bill of costs, at last happily settled. For the moment, however, they have to face its cruel arithmetic. This dark spot in their fortunes can best be understood by showing the round figures, which tell their own unpleasant tale but too plainly. The total debt, judging from the published statements, is now rising \$30,000,000, or nearly \$250 a head for each man, woman, and child, of the population, which has lost some fifty thousand of its numbers since A.D. 1870, and is still diminishing, in consequence of the removal of the capital to Rome, and the heavy taxation. In 1876 the annual expenditure had risen to nearly \$4,500,000, or \$25 per head, which is equal to two-thirds of the total expense of the Grand-Ducal Government in 1858 for all Tuscany, its army, navy, court, civil list, &c., with

tenfold the population of its capital. The debt of the Grand-Ducal Government was 75,000,000 francs, at three per cent., for 1,500,000 inhabitants, while the entire indebtedness of Florence, including the floating debts of every description, is estimated by many citizens at 200,000,000 francs for a population of 130,000 or thereabouts. This year the deficit from \$400,000 in 1875 has swelled to upward of \$800,000. On the official tax-list there are upward of 19,000 families, the great majority of the inhabitants, whose average annual earnings figure at \$180 each, as the lowest category of the income-tax list; which fact attests both how low and how searching is its standard, and how great is the general poverty of the mass of tax-payers. House-owners assure me that more than forty-five per cent. of their rents go for taxes already, and new ones are contemplated. Those on business, manufactures, buildings, &c., are correspondingly heavy, and as fatal to commercial enterprise as are the duties levied at the city gates on every necessary article of life to the general well-being of the labouring classes and smaller tradesmen, while wages and profits are steadily shrinking, from their desperate efforts to keep absolute destitution from their doors.

If we compare the amount of taxation of Italy at large with other countries, it gives the following total result: With France it is as three and a half to one; with England within a small fraction of the same; with Germany a little less than two to one, the inequalities being greatest on incomes arising from houses and lands.

Florence, apparently, is the most heavily weighted by debt and taxation of all the conspicuous Italian cities, with the fewest commercial resources to sustain itself. It may be said to keep an hotel, *bric-à-brac* shop, and Art-bazaar, for the world at large; and when the world frequents it with a full purse it thrives accordingly. But if by any political or financial mischance it fails to come, the city has no solid foundation of regular commerce or staple manufactures to fall back on for its subsistence. The cheap Florence of the past is an extinct city, and now the only possible economies are to curtail in the necessities of life instead of the luxuries, and which have their sanitary as well as social limits. Consequently the old inducements for foreign and native families of moderate means to settle here for educational and domestic reasons are greatly lessened, to the serious shrinkage of its revenues. Excessive taxation, arising from excessive embellishment, kills the goose that lays its golden eggs.

Formerly several miniature courts were gathered here about resident members of royal families and wealthy nobles, who spent money with a liberal hand among all classes, attracting and stimulating rich commoners from various countries to follow their example. Nearly all of this class have gone away, while the indigenous nobility, from motives of economy, necessitated by the general bad condition of affairs, spend much of their time at their villas in the country, doing next to nothing for the revival of trade in their native city, or, as heretofore, to attract strangers by a course of sumptuous festivities. Several of the famous old palaces, including the vast Corsini, are on sale. Failures, suicides, and crimes against property, are becoming lamentably frequent, and there is a swelling tide of misery and discontent in the poorest classes, which express themselves in threats of vengeance against the reputed authors of the present position. But phrensie talk soon exhausts itself, and the Florentines are the last people to commit any senseless acts of violence. Their patience, or indifference, in public matters is proverbial, not to speak of the latent patriotism and good sense which emergencies are sure to evoke in them.

How to find food for those without work or business and to balance the city budget are the immediate problems which the city authorities are trying to solve. Doling bread and increased taxation are only transient and exhaustive alleviations, leaving the fatal disease still gnawing at the vitals. The immediate palliative sought is to make the moral and economical condition of Florence a national question, on the ground of its services to the kingdom as its temporary capital, its expenditure for it, and its claims in general, historical and artistic, in its hour of agony, to the good offices of the nation. The ministry is not indisposed to give it financial help, but there is strong parliamentary opposition to encounter on the following grounds:—

First, it would be establishing a pernicious precedent were the



nation to assume the consequences of the prodigality or maladministration of any city. Local burdens should fall on those responsible for them.

Secondly, the extravagance of Florence was not called for in any way by the general Government, which was well understood to be in its sojourn only temporary, awaiting the transfer to Rome by the will of the whole people, in which Florence patriotically acquiesced. The authorities, without opposition by the inhabitants, planned the aggrandisement on their own responsibility, not taking into sufficient consideration the needs or resources of the city, and continued the work after Rome became the capital, making gross blunders; especially throwing away an enormous sum in erecting a grand central market, so ill-constructed as to be useless for its purpose, or indeed any other, for the community.

Thirdly, on the removal of the capital, as one means of alleviating the situation, the ministry offered to establish a government machine-shop here which would employ two thousand workmen; but this proposition was declined, as it was not thought desirable to give the city an impetus in this direction.

The liberal members of the Government, at this juncture, took, no doubt, the most practical view of what was best, as well as most feasible, for Florence; and this was, to develop its mechanical industry as the surest foundation of its material progress, and combine it with a scheme of general artistic and scientific education, which should make it the central school of the kingdom in the elementary and higher branches of knowledge, with particular reference to its own special opportunities and capacity: in short, a sort of Italian Harrow or Eton, with a course of studies best calculated to promote the intellectual and material progress of the nation as a whole, to prepare the youths for public administrative careers, and to fix in their minds the value and importance of the unity of Italy. The modest scale of living here obtainable, the purity of the language, amenity of manners, joined to its numerous institutions of science and Art, and the numerous habitations which were offered by the commodious public buildings ceded by the national Government to the city, would, it was believed, afford every accommodation required and be sufficient to attract multitudes of pupils from all parts of Italy.

Unfortunately, the more fascinating but narrower policy was attempted of making Florence a city *sui generis*—the most beautiful, intellectual, and aristocratic Utopia conceivable, in which

neither the hum of vulgar industries nor noise of ponderous hammers should be heard, where no smoke of sooty chimneys should soil the atmosphere, no heavy drudgery and no crowds of lusty, smut-soiled workmen should be seen; in short, nothing which should reduce it to the level of the common standard of hard-working, unæsthetic, nineteenth-century prosaic progress. The Florentines were not, indeed, to lead the lives of those who toil not and neither do they spin, for they were to do both, but daintily, æsthetically, and on pleasurable objects bent. It was truly a beautiful dream, this "Firenze la bella," as seen in the eyes of its dreamers; but our close-fisted, equalising, scrutinising century would not admit of any such civic egotism and favouritism in the choice of the destinies of any one city. Instead of the machine-shop a superior university was founded, to which all the others were to be tributary in their standard of studies, and amply supplied with eminent professors bent on making Florence the cultured brain of Italy. The jealous opposition of all the old-established universities was the immediate result. The students do not come, or only so few as not to be worth counting, and these are chiefly young men of most restricted means. Outside of the Government schools, the secondary education has fallen largely into the hands of the religious orders, by no means deeply impressed with the sentiment of national unity, or those ideas which make patriotic, self-relying citizens; while the Jesuits, once banished from Tuscany, now make Florence their headquarters of proselytism, as said Tommaso Crudele, a late member of the Italian Parliament, in his recent speech. Its projected toilette still remains incomplete, although its sybaritic charms are quite sufficient to gratify any reasonable lust of the eye or love of an easy-going, attractive life, guiltless of toil of mind or hand, for those so disposed to live, while there is ample store of higher intellectual food and room for action for the more seriously inclined, who accept life as a moral discipline and a responsible duty.

All lovers of Florence—and who does not love the beautiful old city, even in its modernised, unfinished guise?—will cordially wish her safely through her troubles, whether by her own exertions or the aid of united Italy. As it has passed through many critical periods in its chequered career, emerging from all with increased splendour and renown, we may hope that the same good fortune will attend it now, and that, if sadder, it will be wiser for its lesson in the cost of a TOILETTE.

J. JACKSON JARVES.

## THE AUTOTYPE PROCESS.



WE have on several occasions had to direct public attention to the merits of the Autotype process, which appears—among the many processes recently invented for the reproduction of the chiaroscuro of pictorial art—destined to stand its ground, and to be to pictures and drawings what casting in plaster of Paris is to sculpture, viz., a means of reproducing them at a very moderate cost. By this process we have the means of reproducing, save and except in the one particular of colour, the masterpieces of ancient and modern painting; and drawings in monochrome even in the same colour, touch for touch like the original. Every one with moderate means has, therefore, an opportunity of purchasing at a very small cost faithful records, as far as they go, of his favourite works, either of painting or of design, just as he has of obtaining casts of famous works in sculpture, and of adorning his home with the beautiful. Autotypes, however, have this advantage over plaster casts—they are not liable to fracture, to corrosion, or to discoloration from dust. They may be preserved in portfolios, or they may be hung up glazed in frames. We feel confident that when this process is better known, and the public become aware of the extensive repertory of subjects that exists, they will avail themselves to a much greater extent than now of the opportunity afforded of deco-

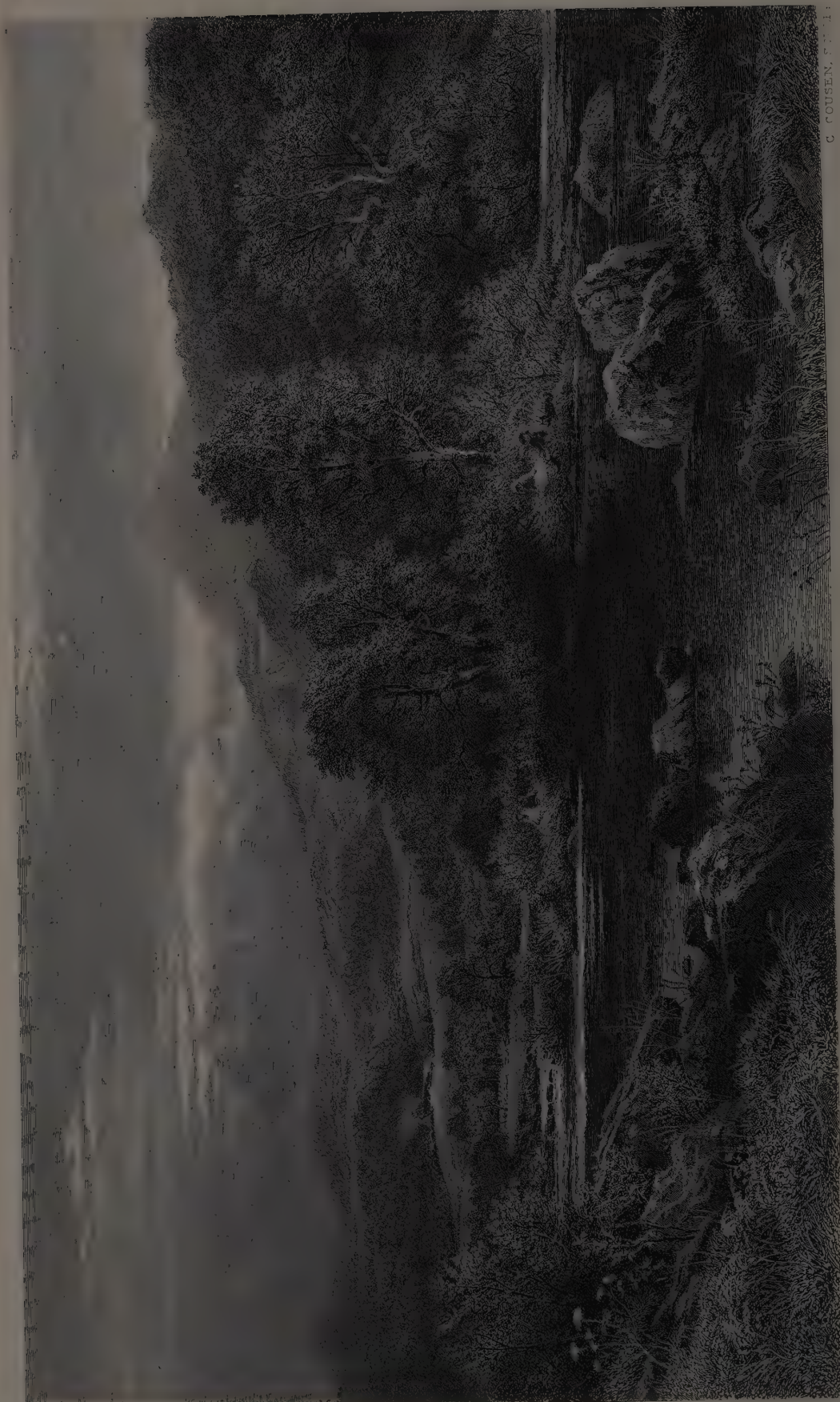
rating their houses with the faithful records of the finest works of the old masters. We are also persuaded that modern artists will ere long adopt this process as the best means of publishing their works, as the more moderate cost of reproduction by this method will insure a wider circulation, and consequently a more extended reputation. And if, as some educators are inclined to suppose, the presence of works of Art is in itself sufficient to create a taste for Art, why then they have the means, the facile means, of making every school and college an Art-gallery; for not only may the reproductions of individual works be obtained, but entire series of the works of the great masters.

For many of the modern painters who lean towards the higher phases of Art, and revel in composition and drawing, the process has already had fascinations. The tide of artistic favour has already set in towards this process, for there is none other which so faithfully reproduces the work of the artist's hands in a permanent form. With the knowledge of this process the artist is forewarned and forearmed in the preparation of his work, and is ready to avail himself to the full of all its advantages; for he may either commence his work in monochrome, and have it autotyped before proceeding to colour, or he may have a monochrome proof from his picture after it is finished, which he may modify to his taste before he permits it to be reproduced for publication.









ON THE LLUGY, NORTH WALES.



## ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

VI.

ON this page we engrave one of two Rose-water Dishes exhibited by Messrs. ELKINGTON, of London, whose silver-work we have often referred to; the other we shall insert in due course.

The subject here engraved, with its companion, represents the months of the year; there are six on each dish. The charmingly designed female figures that carry out the allegory signify the signs



of the zodiac. The centre of each dish is occupied by a "ring" of children, or "zephyrs," carrying fruit, flowers, and vine-branches,

emblematic of the four seasons. We shall describe this exquisitely beautiful work more fully when it is completed in our pages.

## THE DECORATION OF IRON BUILDINGS.

THE subject of the decoration of iron buildings divides itself easily into two branches. In the last number of the *Art Journal* we considered the proper methods of temporary decoration, and pointed out some of the mistakes committed by the architects of the structures on the Trocadéro and the Champ de Mars; but, so general has become the use of iron in construction,

and so probable is its increasing use for the same purpose, that the proper methods of permanent decoration constitute a matter of great interest. On this second branch of the subject, therefore, a few words are not out of place.

Let it be understood, however, at the outset, that our present concern is not with structures whose form or details have no metallic characteristics. There are iron buildings in which the metal has been used simply as wood is used, namely, as the material for



Messrs. JAMES SHOOLBRED & Co., of London, have of late years striven to compete with the best manufacturers in Art-work.

We have no space here in which to describe their many and excellent contributions. On this page we engrave a Piano and two



Writing or Boudoir Tables. Their works are generally of satin-wood, purple-wood being used in the mouldings; the panels are elaborately carved; and box-wood is sometimes introduced.

In the Exhibition are few finer objects than the Piano, few that have attracted so much attention or received more unqualified praise.

construction, without reference to special laws regulating the employment of such material. In the cabin of a modern passenger-steamer, for example, we may notice that the beams are peculiarly thin and light, while their forms are not very different from those of timber-built vessels. They are painted, or, one might almost say, enamelled in gold in delicate colours, or in brilliant white, by means of which the iron is altogether or in part concealed. The steamer itself is so built that at a distance you could scarcely tell whether its outside is formed of wood or of iron. Its shape, certainly, would in either case be the same.

Not with such structures have we now to do, but with those that possess distinct metallic characteristics, and that come within the scope of special laws. To the iron building proper our attention is directed, and this is not a building which has been designed for stone or for wood, and executed in iron, but one that has been both designed and executed in iron. The latter is a true building; the former is a hybrid, a pretence and a sham, having no claims upon the consideration of the architect or the lover of architectural beauty. A wooden edifice has laws of its own; so has a stone edifice, or an iron one. What, then, are the laws to which the



The famous firm of LOBMEYR, of Vienna, the chief of which is himself an artist of great ability, and who adds experience to matured skill and sound judgment in the management of the works, exhibits a very large and most attractive collection of productions in glass. They comprise nearly all the articles to

which the material can be applied, and are always of high excellence, whether matters for ordinary daily use or *objets de luxe*. We select for engraving only the latter, but it will be seen that these are greatly varied. There is no one of them, however, which does not manifest the influence of Art. But



Herr Lobmeyr, besides being himself a sound critic as well as a matured professor of Art, obtains efficient aid from the best and greatest of the artists of Austria. They do not consider it condescending when they co-operate with a coadjutor so accomplished, who is able to give currency to their thoughts,

and to present to the world pictures, in the highest sense of the term, in a material that is imperishable. Before our work is done we shall probably have occasion to allude more particularly to these gentlemen. In Austria, Germany, and France they are highly appreciated.

builder of permanent iron structures is amenable? In the first place, not all ornamental elements are admissible here. Flying buttresses, for instance, should not be used. Originally they were a necessity, arising from the imperfection of mechanical science; and the manner in which the earlier architects converted this necessity into an ornament reflects great credit upon their ingenuity. Their ignorance had created a difficulty which their inventive faculties overcame. But the discovery of the principle of the tie-beam at once set aside the flying buttress. The latter were no longer needed; and their presence in a modern

building is an absurdity—most obviously and indisputably an absurdity in a modern iron building, for here there is no trouble in rearing pillars of any height, and in securely fastening them together. The roof of the Trocadéro Building, for example, is more than eighty feet from the floor. By-the-way, as the art of building in iron progresses, why should not open metal roofs be made as beautiful as timber ones?

Not less inadmissible than the flying buttress is the arched window, the lancet-window, the pointed, the perpendicular, and the flamboyant arch. These do not belong to iron architecture, which



Messrs. HART, SON, PEARD & Co., of Wych Street and Regent Street, London, exhibit a class of Art-manufacture for which

England is celebrated: works in wrought-iron, or iron in combination with steel and bronze. We engrave on this page one



of their Wrought-iron Gates, and the Grille Gates made for an enterprising tradesman in Piccadilly. Our space does not permit

us to describe these delicately-refined and elaborately-executed works.

prefers long, horizontal lines, that no other material can span, and in which square-topped windows may be constructed of a size beyond the most roseate dreams of the finest architects of Dijon, Blois, or Elizabethan England. As far as pointed arches are concerned, the Burgundian, the Tudor, the Elizabethan, and the Renaissance, styles have already dispensed with them.

With the exception, however, of arched windows and flying buttresses, it may be said that cast-iron buildings admit of ornamentation in classic, mediæval, or any other style. They are not confined to any particular mode; the elements of ornament in them

are almost infinite. The simplest girder, cantilever, or bracket, may be wrought into a thing of beauty; the cornice, the frieze, or the balcony, may be made attractive and admirable. There is, indeed, not a single subsidiary element of an iron building that cannot be made effective in a scheme of ornamentation. Stonework, from its very nature, demands a certain thickness, unless it would be feeble and flimsy in effect, as well as in reality; but work in cast or hammered iron is independent of this condition, admitting equally well the most solid and the most delicate ornamentation. A pair of gates with superstructure of cast-iron, and body



The Lamp is the contribution of Messrs. BARWELL, SON, and FISHER, of Birmingham; it was a good idea so to adopt and adapt the much-talked-of "Cleopatra's



Needle." It has been exceedingly well carried out; all is faithful to the *style Égyptien*. Moreover, it is a meritorious example of Art manufacture, and deserves the very high encomium it has received.

We engrave another example of the works of M. ODIOT, one of the most justly renowned of the goldsmiths of Paris. The Vase is a specimen of high Art, designed



by a true artist, and exhibits the skill and judgment that result from long experience.

of modelled scroll-work, the whole finished with a crest of delicate floral design, may be taken as a type of what can be done with iron in the department of ornamentation. In the direction of solidity, there is no limit at all; in the direction of delicacy the limit is not positive. To say that "an iron building can never be anything but an ugly building," as some persons affect to believe, is to display very considerable ignorance of the possibilities, not less than the actualities, of the case.

Look, for example, at the peculiar fitness of the dome, the tower, and the spire, for execution in iron. Look at the use made by

metal-workers of copper, brass, and gold, of pebbles, precious stones, and glass, in their schemes of decoration. Look at the harmonies produced by chandeliers, candelabra, railings, screens, and other fittings, all of them designed in keeping with the main features of the building itself; and, finally, look at the opportunities presented to the sculptor. Every kind of sculptural work in metal, from the simplest bas-relief ornament to the statue or group of statues cast in iron, in bronze, in silver, or in gold, may be brought into use. Not only castings, but also hammered pieces, like the fine colossal statues recently made in France and Ger-



We engrave on this page a Chimney-piece of pure and graceful character, a hanging Cabinet for china, and a small Table, exhibited by Messrs. JOHNSTONE & JEANES, of New Bond Street, London.

bited by Messrs. JOHNSTONE & JEANES, of New Bond Street, London.



many—like the statue of 'Liberty enlightening the World,' now in the studio of M. Bartholdi, for example—may be turned to account; not only hammered pieces, but also statues built up atom by atom by means of electricity in the vats of the metallurgical chemist and artificer. All these ornaments are of service in the decoration of iron structures; and even these do not comprise all the resources that may be drawn upon. One of the most costly and beautiful modes of decoration is *repoussé* work, the art of which, a short time ago almost forgotten, has recently been revived with astonishing success, as in the celebrated Bryant Vase made by the Messrs. Tiffany, of New York, and in the fine collection of this firm at the present exhibition. *Repoussé* work may be executed in more than one kind of metal, and may receive almost any kind of subsidiary ornamentation; and, when the expense of it

becomes too great, the artist may follow the example of the silversmith, and produce careful castings of his design, finishing the faces of them by ordinary chasing and engraving. The process of gold inlaying, or damascening, as it is called, is often used to heighten the effect of the decoration. It is a process only lately rediscovered. For a votive tablet, or for an artistic panel, the services of the *repoussé* workman can most happily be called into requisition. If a still less costly method is desired, it may be found in the pierced work of which the Exhibition contains some rare and effective examples. Two or more metals are often used together with success.

The surface of iron will not bear exposure to the weather; and it is a somewhat curious fact that, in spite of the wide-spread and long-continued use of iron for architectural purposes, no perfect



Messrs. HODGETTS, RICHARDSON & Co., of the Wordsley Works, Stourbridge, England, are very large contributors. Their

productions comprise every variety for ornament or use, or rather for both in combination. The more prominent are cameo or sculp-



tured Vases; they are of crystal, but often judiciously coloured. The best of these are productions of a young artist, Joseph Locke.

His copy of the Portland Vase is the result of twelve months of patient labour, but he contributes also several original designs.

protection has yet been found for it. The difficulties of the case have been met in various ways, but none of these ways have so far been absolutely successful. In addition to the ordinary practice of painting the iron, a deposit of copper by the galvano-plastic method and a subsequent bronzing have been tried on the iron fountains and lamps of Paris. Though applied with great skill, and at much cost, the process has not been entirely happy. A certain black oxide of iron is well known to be an entire preventive of rust, and a preserver of the metal; but the methods of producing it have not yet been ascertained. Should the experiments

now making in this direction be successful, iron in buildings will probably be covered with black oxide of iron—a most natural protector. At any rate, the result of these experiments will soon be made known. Meanwhile, various methods of enamelling are recommended. They serve, also, the purpose of decoration. An enamelled iron ceiling grows as naturally out of an iron building as does one of plaster out of stone or brick walls. Panels, screens, running ornaments, and mural tablets, may also be enamelled. In conclusion it may be said that, as neither wooden, stone, nor brick, buildings are confined to fittings or decorations of their own ma-



Mr. WILLIAM WALKER, an eminent and very extensive cabinet-maker of London, contributes several works of great excellence.

That we engrave is a Sideboard, described as in the "Anglo-Moorish style." It is constructed of English brown oak, relieved with



pear-tree wood and ebony, and was designed by Mr. R. Davey, one of the artists of the firm. Among the many admirable exhibits of

British upholsterers this excellent production takes a foremost place, and we have much pleasure in giving an engraving of it.

terials, so iron buildings need not depend exclusively upon metallic ornamentation. Pictures, carved woodwork, encaustic pavements, tapestry, china, carpets, and other accessories, will always be acceptable and becoming. In view of the increasing use of iron in architecture, it is the duty of artists and Art-lovers to see that iron structures are erected conformably to the dictates of an enlightened judgment and an educated taste. At the present time, and especially so far as processes of decoration are concerned, architects in iron do not seem fully to understand their business.

#### THE INDIA EXHIBIT.

BUT let us leave the outside of the Exhibition, and enter the Main Building, on the Champ de Mars. Here, in the vestibule, is the famous Indian collection of curiosities, belonging to the Prince of Wales, together with many other contributions of the national productions, arts, and manufactures of India. "It is not only one or two countries or states," says the *Saturday Review*, "that are represented, but a vast agglomeration of nations, tribes, and capitals, the traditional homes of many of the arts which have en-



This page contains an example of the far-famed and long-renowned tapestry of the Gobelins. The picture (for such it really is), entitled 'L'Étude,' is after H. Tragonart, by Madame Aiyden, while the border, which is blue, embellished by pink flowers, is the production of M. Durend. The figure is charmingly drawn; it is presented in velvet of deep brown. Further

we cannot enlighten our readers, as the catalogue is chary of information. It is, however, to be accepted as a specimen as to how far the modern may equal the old in the produce of the time-honoured establishment that was so long unrivalled in the world of Art. It ought to excel rather than fall short of the ancient work, for all the appliances and means are as much



at the command of France as they were a century ago; and although of late years working in tapestry has been grievously neglected, and the venerable hangings that used to grace the salon and the boudoir have been, in a great measure, put aside to make way for the less costly products of the paper-stainer, there are no doubt, among the aristocracy and the *nouveau*

*riche*, many who know and estimate the more beautiful productions of the hand and mind of the artist. It would seem that this truth is fully admitted; for the show, at the International Exhibition, of the Gobelins and the productions of Beauvais is very large, and the collection is universally attractive; there is always a crowd about the assemblage, and not wholly of ladies.

riched Europe from the earliest dawn of Western civilisation. A number of these cities and tribes still practise their old crafts almost unchanged from time immemorial. Much interest was shown in Paris in anticipation of the wonders which were expected when this part of the show should be opened. Indian productions carefully selected had been seen before, but the prince was known to have had many curious and costly offerings made to him, some of them of great historical interest, and the peculiar circumstances of his tour had no parallel in modern history. Then 'the East' is wrapped in a cloud of mystery; the barbaric

splendour of courts and palaces, armour, jewels, and precious tissues, such as never were seen in Europe even in the showiest periods of the middle ages, provoked no small curiosity. It was to be a fairy picture, a vision of the 'Arabian Nights.' If the cave of Aladdin is not quite equalled by the gold and jewels set out in this collection, it is still an astonishing display. There are some offerings more rich than beautiful, and some classes of very fine Indian manufactures are only partially illustrated. Of course this particular collection, consisting of gifts and purchases, makes no pretension to be a complete and scientific illustration of Indian productions.



The Clock and Candelabrum of which we give engravings on this page will be found among the numerous works contributed by the old-established and long-known firm of ALBINET, of Paris. Their style is bold and broad; and, at the same time, it exhibits delicate minuteness as to details. Perhaps the

manufacturers are surpassed by competitors in the fanciful ornaments in which the Parisians delight—the Cupidons and Graces that supply material for nearly all the pendules and candelabra that decorate their salons. Messrs. Albinet aim at a higher order of produce, sacrificing, probably, much in order



to attain that desirable result in all the issues of their ateliers, and, by preferring the great to the little in Art, ministering to a loftier intelligence. The Exhibition is full of objects that illustrate our position; and no doubt the shops of Paris contain, as

they always have done, a superabundance of things that are pretty, if not good. They strongly contrast with similar shows with us, where, for the most part, the ponderous prevails over the light, and the solid takes the place of the graceful.

"The statue of the Prince of Wales by Boehm (a cast) is set up in the middle of the space; and a long-domed wooden structure, painted Indian red with copper domes, contains little chambers fitted with projecting oriel-windows and divans, and various other subdivisions, in which the use of embroidery on cushions, curtains, &c., can be shown to the best advantage. This is no small addition to the arrangements, for much of the embroidery imported is only fitted for the use of seats, alcoves, and recesses, as they are disposed in Oriental rooms. An interesting model of an Indian palace shown in one of the cases, from which trellised excrescences

jut out on every possible side and corner, will illustrate these arrangements on a large scale. The carpets shown in the wooden house are of excellent design and quality; indeed, they are the very finest that can be imported. The best pile-carpets are made at Cashmere; in Afghanistan, of which there is a very fine specimen; in the Punjab, Beloochistan, and Scinde—some of the latter coarse, and of little value, but well coloured; at Agra, Mirzapore, Jubbulpore, Hyderabad, and Warangal, in the Nizam's dominion; and at Malabar and Masulipatam. Velvet carpets are made at Benares and Moorshedabad; the silk pile-carpets, so rarely imported, at



In the Exhibition of 1867 the renowned firm of FOURDINOIS bore the palm from

sustain their claim to a high place among the most famous cabinet-makers of Europe. The three graceful objects we engrave (to be followed by others of their works) sufficiently evidence the merit of their productions. They consist of a very graceful Fire-screen, an elaborately carved Table, and a Door of singular completeness of style and



all competitors. Their *chef-d'œuvre* in that Exhibition is one of the prime Art



treasures of South Kensington. If in 1878 they do not approach it, they at least



workmanship. The variety and contrasted colours of its wood—oak, mahogany, and ebony—and the green foliage of its olive-branch ornaments, combine to produce a charming effect. The work is classic in character and style, and thoroughly good.

Tanjore and Salem. A large collection of gold and silver work, chiefly vases, tea-services, &c., presented by potentates or cities, is shown in cases. The most elegant are the chased vases of Cashmere, covered with delicate shawl-patterns; some of these are gold, others silver gilt, silver parcel-gilt, or silver. A tea-service from Madras, of solid gold, cannot be commended except for the massiveness of the gold, the weight of which is prodigious. Some lighter work—a dessert-service from Madras—is charming. Silver hammered work from Cutch and Lucknow is rich and good. Some beautiful Burmese *repoussé* silver work is contributed by

Lord Northbrook. The Indian gold jewelry is of the finest and most delicate filigree and soldered work, of the same make as that of the old Greek and Etruscan goldsmiths, revived by Signor Castellani. The choicer examples will be seen in a glass case exhibited by that artist. They have been brought from India and Ceylon, as models, no doubt. Among these objects, in the prince's collection, there are massive collars or rings, picturesque and rich in decoration, sometimes worn on the legs of Indian women, nose-rings, ear-rings, chains, &c., in many varieties.

"The French were eager to see the prince's precious stones; no



This page contains a Fire Screen, one of the many beautiful contributions of the GOVERNMENT WORKS at Beauvais. The face, lamp, and flowers are on white silk ground, with a rose-coloured border; the style is that of Louis XVI. It was designed by M.

Chabal-Dussurgey, and executed by M. Cantrel. The names of the artists ought to be recorded and preserved, for such works are true specimens of Art. The old fame of France in the production of tapestries is not lost. They take as high places



in exhibitions at the close of the century as they did when the century commenced. It is needless to say that such a production as that we engrave is destined to give great pleasure

wherever it may find location, augmenting a store of Art treasures, while removing or displacing none, for the object is indispensable in all aristocratic mansions as a specimen of good Art.

doubt they expected strings of rubies and emeralds of the size of plums and pears. The Indian stones, however, are not generally of great value. Most of them are 'tallow-cut'—*i.e.*, not faceted; often they are very inferior in transparency; but they are set in great numbers on the hilts of arms and on all sorts of precious metal-work, and always with effect. One fine diamond of long shape forms the fastening of a sword-belt. The richest piece of jewelry is a gold hair-comb set with pearls, brilliants, and fine Jeypore enamel. Much curious and interesting brass-work is exhibited—bowls, dishes, trays and curious figure-work. That of

Madura and Tanjore is of the greatest excellence. Tin soldered on brass in patterns and stamped designs is effectively worked at Moradabad. Mixed metal-work of this kind helped out by black lac inlay is exhibited by Lord Northbrook. The gold damascening known as *koof*-work is of great beauty. It is best seen on helmets, breastplates, and shields, and in some instances on the barrels of guns and rifles. The old work is rich and elegant, inlaid in thin, liny patterns, sometimes with animals at intervals. It is still practised, and some of the modern armour shown is rich and well decorated.









C. G. LEWIS. SCULPT.

SIR E. LANDSEER. R. A. PINT.

HEAD OF A DEERHOUND.



## OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

## A TURKISH SCHOOL.

(Frontispiece.)

J. F. LEWIS, R.A., Painter.

W. GREATBACH, Engraver.



ANY years before Turkey absorbed almost the undivided attention of the rest of the world, as it has recently done—and to a certain degree still does—Mr. Lewis had given to it the utmost consideration, but for purposes widely differing from those which have lately fixed the eyes of nearly the whole civilised world upon the country—namely, to study it in its social and domestic picturesque character. As David Roberts explored it, and brought us the deserts and temples, the pyramids and sphinxes, &c., of Egypt and Syria, on canvas, for our delight and information, so J. Frederick Lewis, who lived on the banks of the Nile during many years, painted, with equal beauty and truth, latticed harems, with their caged doves, and bazaars crowded with their cross-legged merchants, and much more relating to the social history of the modern followers of the Prophet Mohammed. His picture here engraved was exhibited at the London Royal Academy in 1865, the first year after the artist's election to the grade of Royal Academician: the scene, the catalogue of the year informed us, in the vicinity of Cairo, Egypt. In the room a group of Moslem children of both sexes, as we gather from their costumes, are assembled to receive instruction from a grave-looking dominie, who, reclining behind a kind of low table or desk, holds a cane in his hand for the benefit of idlers or dunces. It is evident that corporal punishment is not banished from the Turkish school, while the presence of some pigeons in the room gives a domesticated appearance to it not usually associated with educational work. The furniture of the apartment includes several picturesque objects: the use of some of these is somewhat equivocal, at least in such a place; but the picture altogether is perfect after its kind; in it the artist has adopted a favourite method of treatment with him, by pouring a flood of sunlight through the barred window in sparkling rays and chequered forms upon the party-coloured floor.

## ON THE LLUGY, NORTH WALES.

E. W. LEADER, Painter.

C. COUSEN, Engraver.

MR. LEADER is one of the most acceptable of the English landscape-artists, and his representations of scenes in his native county, Worcestershire, or in those parts of North Wales which lie contiguous to it, are, from his happy yet perfectly natural method of treatment, works that commend themselves most highly to every admirer of landscape.

The picture here engraved has never been exhibited: it was purchased off the artist's easel for the purpose of being introduced into the *Art Journal*, and a more picturesque combination of natural objects, mountain, wood, and river, could rarely be met with on a comparatively small yet most comprehensive scale. The view

is taken from the banks of the Llугy, about a mile below Capel Curig, showing prominently Moel Siabod, nearly two thousand feet in height. There is a small island, covered with birch-trees, in the river, and some venturesome persons have managed to reach it, and appear to be enjoying a kind of picnic by the water-side. The vale of the Llугy extends about six miles in length, the banks on each side are richly wooded, while the magnificent mountains of the Snowdon range are full in sight, adding grandeur and sublimity to the view. Not very far from the scene here represented is Bettws-y-Coed, the favourite haunt and paradise of landscape-artists. We may remark that Mr. Leader painted his picture on the spot, making it thereby a complete portrait-scene.

## HEAD OF A DEERHOUND.

SIR E. LANDSEER, R.A., Painter.

C. G. LEWIS, Engraver.

THIS is a portrait of Landseer's favourite deerhound, Hafed, painted in 1834, whose skeleton was, as we learn from Mr. Algonon Graves's comprehensive catalogue of the works of the artist, sold at the dispersion of Landseer's effects in 1874. Mr. Lewis, the friend of the painter, who engraved Hafed on a large scale in 1837, has kindly supplied us with some interesting facts concerning the original work. Landseer and the late Abraham Cooper, R.A., were in their younger days great friends; the latter was, about the year 1835, engaged in painting a series of dogs' heads of various kinds for a publisher, B. B. King, and he asked Landseer to paint for him a portrait of his favourite hound. Landseer agreed to do it, and when the work was finished he wrote to Cooper thus concisely: "Dear Cooper,—The deerhound's head is ready for Mr. King whenever he likes to call for it: he can have it for fifteen pounds, or the use of it for ten pounds." King paid the former sum, and had the subject lithographed by T. Fairland, and it was published in the *Sportsman's Annual*; but Fairland altered the form of the picture in his print, making it upright by cutting off the neck of the animal close behind the ear. King afterwards sold the copyright of the picture to Messrs. Ackermann, then of the Strand, London. Mr. Lewis had just finished, at Chatsworth, for Messrs. Moon, Boys, and Graves, the etching of the plate of 'Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time,' which Mr. S. Cousins completed; and Lloyd, the printer, took him to Ackermann, who commissioned him (Mr. Lewis) to engrave the picture for the sum of fifty guineas, the price the latter asked. The etching being finished in 1856, Mr. Lewis sent a proof for approval to Landseer, who acknowledged the receipt of it in the following terms: "Dear Charles,—I like your etching much; I think it a pity to *messy tint* it; it has been done before in lithography" (the allusion is to Fairland's print);—"Give me a call to-morrow morning at 11. Yours, &c., E. L." So King acquired the picture for five pounds only: it was sold subsequently, we believe, for three hundred guineas. It needs no description or comment; the lifelike and *speaking* portrait of the hound cannot fail of being recognised, and Mr. Lewis's facile graver has marvellously preserved its character.

## ABOUT BRIC-À-BRAC.



THE fascination exercised by the ceramic Art over connoisseurs and collectors cannot easily be explained to those who have not felt its spell. Charles Sumner, who set a high value upon time, spent an entire afternoon examining the hoard of a real knight-errant of *bric-à-brac*—one who can spy a rare Sèvres teacup a mile off, and scent an old collection of knickknacks across a continent. The tulip mania of Holland and the bibliomania of the nineteenth century are

insignificant when compared with the existing madness for *bric-à-brac*. Nearly \$40,000 were paid recently for a pair of vases eleven and a half inches high, and of rare though not aesthetically beautiful form, which the writer happens to have seen; and still more recently a bureau, inlaid with celebrated Sèvres plaques, brought \$100,000! The sum of \$250,000 has been expended during the past ten years by an English collector in the purchase of a marvellous and inordinate hoard of old pottery and porcelain, of all shapes, sizes, ages, nations, and dates. He gave me Russian tea in



a cup which, with the saucer, he said, cost \$300, and then showed me another pair for which he paid \$500. A Parisian collector of arms and other *bric-à-brac* gave, in February, 1877, \$2,500 for a small dagger worn by Henry of France and Navarre during the ceremony of his marriage with the fair Marguerite of Valois; and \$1,725 was given by Colonel Drummond, of the English Army, for the gold-piece presented, when on the scaffold at Whitehall, by Charles I. to Bishop Juxon. One of Sir Isaac Newton's teeth, set in a ring, cost the eccentric English earl who wears it, and who is a thoroughgoing *bric-à-bracist*, the goodly sum of \$3,650.

What is *bric-à-brac*? I cannot find the word in Worcester, Webster, or any other dictionary. As to derivation, it has not any. *Brick* is as near as you can get, and that may be derived from the Anglo-Saxon *bric*, meaning a fragment; and, as a *bric-à-bracist* is one who collects fragments of Art, I am not aware that any other or better *unde derivatur* can be given. There is a *bric-à-brac* in literature as well as in Art, and when an accomplished American poet put forth, a few years ago, the first volume of his very pleasant "Bric-à-brac Series," a rural swain wanted to know of his publisher why it was called the "Brickbat Series." Considering the real character of *bric-à-brac* in general, could a more charming and unconsciously happy definition have been hit upon? An anonymous writer has said that *bric-à-brac* means *not* choice bits, but literally "odds and ends," broken fragments, rubbish, &c., and is a phrase made by onomatopoeia, as Max Müller would say, from the sound made by smashing a thing. Another unknown *littérateur* recently remarked that there is not any etymology to help us. The phrase *bric-à-brac* is one belonging to wealthy *dilettanti* rather than to men of learning, or the general public, and I think comes out of the French to us. Be this as it may, the antique gem or coin, or the characteristic piece of pottery and porcelain, often brings us a closer and more accurate knowledge of the real life of a community or nation than a formal history can do, just as we learn much more concerning the illustrious men of their time with whom they were acquainted from the pages of Pepys and Evelyn, and the gossip of James Boswell, than we can from the volumes of the more dignified biographer. The *bric-à-brac* hunter necessarily enriches his mind with much curious historical information, so that the pursuit of such trifles cannot be considered a perfectly useless method of disposing of *horæ subsecivæ* and superfluous shekels.

The monetary value of "bits" of ceramics is decided by their ages and rarity quite as much as by their actual artistic excellence. And yet such cherished specimens are not to be regarded as mere curiosities. They occupy a certain and easily-defined place in a history which begins not with civilisation, but with mankind. Baking clay and making vessels is one of the first useful arts in the history of all nations and peoples, savage as well as civilised, and was long ago practised in forms which we can now only follow at a distance. Age, in many cases, not only confers dignity, but is the brand of excellence. The art has its secrets, it has been said, which, no more than literary ability, can be handed down to successors.

Probably the modern ardour for making collections of *bric-à-brac* dates from the middle of the past century, although the worthy Robert Burton makes mention of the "antiquary who consumes his treasure and his time to scrape up a company of old coins, statues, manuscripts, &c.," from which it would appear that some collectors existed at least as early as the days of Shakespeare; and a contemporary of Chaucer writes the following words of warning to *virtuosos* intending to travel on the Continent: "Be warre atte Venyse and atte alle such other places as ye finden eny precieuse stones, Jewelles, or Relikes ynnre, for meny that ben right slye will be right besy to desseyve you and yours." Horace Walpole, who visited France in the time of Louis XIV., was greatly delighted with the profusion of porcelain, ormolu, bronze, and other *bric-à-brac*, which he found in the houses of the great nobles at Paris. Walpole introduced and stimulated this taste in England, forming the famous collection which was sold, within the memory of many readers of this magazine, at Strawberry Hill. Fitz-Greene Halleck once showed me a priced copy of the catalogue of this famous collection, which was stolen by some scamp from the auction-room at the sale of the poet's library in this city. William Beckford, another famous *bric-à-bracist* and bibliomaniac, formed a marvellous collection at Fonthill, the sale of which occupied several weeks, as

did the dispersion at auction-sale of the interesting collection at Stowe, belonging to the Duke of Buckingham. In 1870 Prince Demidoff removed his *bric-à-brac* to Paris, and it was sold at unheard-of sums, far in excess of the high prices obtained at the Walpole, Beckford, and Buckingham sales. In 1874 the important collection of ceramics and other curiosities made by the late Francis Forbes, during a diplomatic service of sixty years, was sold in London, including, among other relics, a watch bearing the inscription, "*Horologium Taddei Kosciusko viri immortalis Pynus amicilie Georgii Washingtonii, 1783.*" There was also sold in 1874 the famous Edkins *bric-à-brac*, consisting chiefly of English china and porcelain.

Another collection of old ware, belonging to Mr. Winter, of Birkenham, was sold in England in 1876. A pair of Sèvres vases brought nearly \$10,000. Two persons claimed the bid, and the dispute between them waxing warm, ended in a scuffle, in which one of the vases was smashed into fragments. The auctioneer stopped the sale till the disputants left the mansion. Upon its resumption the competition was particularly keen for the possession of the Sèvres china. A pair of vases was sold to the Earl of Dudley for almost \$40,000 gold (the exact sum was 7,500 guineas), and the Duke of Portland paid \$25,000 for three other small vases. Baron Rothschild bought an antique silver salt-cellar for \$1,750, and has also paid \$535 for a single Sèvres teacup.

The fashion of forming collections of *bric-à-brac* is rapidly increasing in this country. Old china, which once may have been valuable as heirlooms, but not otherwise, is now brought out and sold at fabulous prices to *bric-à-bracqueurs*. That the mania has secured a foothold in New York is abundantly shown by the cases of ceramics which have been lent for exhibition by the owners, during the past three or four years, to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and by the large purchases made by societies and individuals at the Centennial Exhibition. The only American sales of *bric-à-brac* of importance that I happen to remember at the moment are the collections of the eccentric John Allan and the late Caleb Lyon, of Lyondale—the latter sold in this city in April, 1876, and including many *pièces de luxe* of old Sèvres of the period of Louis XV. The Metropolitan Museum purchased the Di Cesnola collections of ceramics for something over \$100,000. Even governments join in the pursuit and purchase of *bric-à-brac* and relics. The State of New York recently gave \$20,000 for the sword sent by Frederick the Great to Washington, and a few other souvenirs of the *Pater Patria*. Two millions of dollars each would be a moderate estimate of the amount expended by the authorities of the British Museum and the Louvre in the purchase of what may very properly be designated as *bric-à-brac*. The latter spent the sum of \$400,000 on a single object—the erection of the famous obelisk in the Place de la Concorde, Paris; while the English are setting up—not, however, at so great a cost—Cleopatra's Needle, so long prostrated on the shore at Alexandria, Egypt.

Some of the prices paid during the past twenty years by collectors of various descriptions may not be without interest. The late Guicowar of Baroda, a great lover of grandeur and jewellery, was supposed to have had the most magnificent coat ever made in India, or in the wide world, it having cost \$275,000. But this bejewelled garment has been eclipsed by one lately worn by the Maharajah of Puttiala at the *darbar* of Lord Lytton, and which, there is the authority of the *Delhi Gazette* for stating, cost \$675,000! It is covered with diamonds and other precious stones, and fringed about the collar, cuffs, and front, with large pearls. Last year the sum of \$100,000 was paid by a French collector for a bureau presented by George III. to the grandmother of the Marquis of Conyngham, who, preferring a yacht to the historical bureau inlaid with celebrated Sèvres plaques, sold it for the sum named. Fifty thousand dollars has just been offered for a small portrait of Queen Mary of Scotland, now in the gallery at Drummond Castle, Crieff. Sixteen years ago the Emperor of Russia offered the Duke d'Aumale—the greatest *bric-à-bracqueur* and bibliomaniac in France—\$140,000 for Rembrandt's 'Resurrection of Lazarus.'

Rembrandt's etching, 'Christ healing the Sick,' known as the "Hundred-Guilder" print—fifteen inches by eleven—was sold in 1865 for \$5,900; and, in 1874, a copy of an engraving by Marc Antonia, of Aretino, smaller than a page of this magazine, brought the sum of \$3,900. More than this amount was recently paid



for a tall copy of the first edition of Shakespeare, for a Mazarin Bible, and for Menzie's illustrated copy of Irving's "Washington," purchased by a gentleman of this city. A New York bookseller lately sold a volume containing some four or five score specimens of old lace for \$150; and in October, 1876, a copy of the "Bay State Psalm-Book," printed at Cambridge, in 1640, was sold in Boston for \$1,025. A larger price has been paid for Eliot's Indian Bible, which only two persons on the face of the earth can read! An old manuscript of the ninth century recently brought \$3,900, and a Mexican or Aztec manuscript sold for \$525. An English collector gave fifty dollars for eight American half-pennies of 1776, and a New-Yorker paid ten dollars for a ten-cent brown-paper stamp of Bolivia!

A collector of clocks—of which he boasts that he has one hundred and fifty-seven, all good time-keepers—gave \$5,100, in 1876, for an ebony and bronze clock of the period of Louis XIV.; and at the same sale a *bric-à-brackist* paid \$1,400 for a tapestry-screen of Gobelin manufacture, and half that amount for a bottle of grey stoneware enamelled with blue and grey! A Hungarian nobleman gave \$2,000 for a violin which was made and sold by Jacob Stainer on very singular conditions; \* the Austrian consul of New York paid \$3,000 for a Stradivarius; and a Joseph Guarnerius, after a most exciting competition, was sold in London, last year, for \$3,150. Another "King Joseph," as his violins are called by connoisseurs, brought \$3,500, and is now the property of a resident of Hartford, Connecticut.

The writer has a friend who has spent \$25,000 on a collection of orchids; and another who has a "china-room" containing perhaps the finest collection of ceramics in this country, and costing Heaven only knows how much—"a charming posie of flowers, eche differing from other in colour, and odour, yet all sweete." The two pens used in signing the Treaty of Amiens were sold for \$2,500; and the coat worn by Charles XII. at Pultowa is said to have been sold for \$30,000.

Indulging in a "taste" for *bric-à-brac*, rare books and manuscripts, the Fine Arts, or any other hobby, if it is done discreetly, may perhaps prove to be both a pleasant and profitable pursuit, as was the case when a cautious collector of ceramics sold his knickknacks in 1876, on which he had expended less than \$3,000, for \$10,000; when an American autograph-hunter left nearly 100,000 specimens, for not one of which he ever paid a single penny, and

for which his heirs now ask \$50,000; when an English pen-maker's pictures were sold by his executors for nearly three times their cost; when a bibliomaniac disposed of his library, containing, among other curiosities, four of Wycliffe's tracts, which cost him precisely four shillings, for \$2,000; or when a collector of relics recently parted with his gleanings of twoscore years, and mostly gathered without cost, for some \$20,000. But if a "taste" be indulged in without judgment, it is very certain to prove an exceedingly expensive luxury, as—to give a single instance—in the case of Boydell, who hopelessly ruined himself by illustrating Shakespeare at a cost of nearly \$2,000,000!

Charles Dickens commissioned Frith to paint, for the sum of \$100, the picture of Dolly Varden. At the sale of the great novelist's collection this work brought \$5,300; and some articles of *bric-à-brac*, which cost Dickens \$3,000, brought nearly \$50,000. Sir Walter Scott, as all who have visited Abbotsford well know, was a famous *bric-à-bracqueur*, particularly enthusiastic in respect to the antiquities of his native land, and wandered through the wild vales of Liddesdale and elsewhere on the Scottish border, in search of *bric-à-brac* and old ballads—blowing, as some one has said, "a borderer's horn, and longing for a bursting raid on English cattle." Scott's collection of knickknacks, if sold to-day, would probably bring even greater prices than those paid for similar souvenirs of his brother novelist, the author of "Pickwick."

In the summer of 1855 I made the acquaintance, in Paris, of an accomplished young Englishman, with whom I spent many happy hours in various quarters of the French capital in search of curious books and engravings, participating in the pleasure of that sport which the French happily describe in a single word—*broquiner*. He also developed a madness for ceramics, which was then an entirely new and novel mania to me, picking up in various out-of-the-way nooks and corners of Paris bits of old and often cracked china. His happiness in the possession of such *bric-à-brac*, sometimes purchased for exceedingly large sums, excited in my mind very grave doubts of his sanity. Last year his collection was sold. While the books, engravings, and paintings, were a pecuniary loss to his heirs—*i.e.*, sold for less than their original cost—the *bric-à-brac* brought about three times as much as it had cost my deceased friend.

JAMES GRANT WILSON.

## EXHIBITION OF FANS AT THE DRAPERS' HALL, LONDON.



HE literature of the fan is not extensive. With the exception of an occasional newspaper notice, or a page or two of some magazine here and there, three or four volumes would probably exhaust the bibliography of this most indispensable and familiar object. Three out of the four books referred to are, as may naturally be expected, French; the remaining one is English, and is, by-the-bye, scarcely a book at all, but a pamphlet, or rather prefatorial essay to illustrate the Fan Exhibition held at South Kensington in 1870. It is certainly true that a history of fans, if fully written, would be curious and entertaining.

If we could trace the great events of history down to their minutest causes, no doubt the fan would play a very significant rôle. Think of the Mancini and the Medici, the Infantas, the Henriettas, the Christinas, the Catherines, the Marys, the Annes, the innumerable princesses and noble ladies from the age of Pericles, nay, from the contemporaries of the Pharaohs, to the present hour, and you only exhaust simply the *crème de la crème* of society. Every woman that has ever handled a fan has made her mark in history;

she has harried some poor lover's soul, flattered him to exertion, or fluttered him to despair; it is the weapon, *par excellence*, of woman's despotism over man. With this in her hand, no woman should complain of unequal rights, or urge one single plea as to her voice in legislation; she has the making of history in this single instrument. The manipulation of the fan is diplomacy itself. It is true, therefore, that a history of the fan would be a curious history. It is not for us to attempt such a history on this occasion; certainly it is a history of Art; it is also a profoundly antiquarian investigation. For the fan is mentioned in the ancient Sanscrit drama, being an essentially Eastern invention, and probably having run through every variety of form, and an endless kaleidoscope of decoration, before it reached Western civilisation at all.

Not only Egyptian frescoes, but Assyrian sculptures, represent this indispensable instrument, but chiefly as a fly-chaser. Flies of all sorts, mild and malignant, are the one plague of Eastern existence. The Oriental fan, therefore, has no peculiarly feminine attachments—it is as needful to men as to women—but in Europe it has changed its character: assigned to the more delicate sex, it has become an essentially feminine attribute.

It is not our purpose to make the tour of the world with regard to these pretty toys; we therefore pass by the Mexicans and the Egyptians, the Etruscans and antiquity in general, to come to the modern nation which, of all others, seems to have gained pre-eminence in the fabrication of fans.

Whatever may have been the excellence of English, Italian, or

\* A nobleman connected with the court of Charles VI., Emperor of Germany, paid Stainer sixty-six golden caroluses in cash, undertaking also to supply him with a good dinner every day, one hundred florins every month, a new suit of clothes every year, as well as two casks of beer, lodging, firing, and lighting. As Stainer lived sixteen years after the sale was consummated, it may be asserted with safety that Count Trauttmansdorff gave the highest price ever known to have been paid for a violin. It must have cost him at least 40,000 florins!



Spanish work, it is apparently conceded that, on the whole, the French fan bears the palm. In the sixteenth century the instrument which, during the Middle Ages, had, by monkish writers, been called a *fiabellum*, and was afterwards designated an *esmouchoir*, became known as an *eventour* and *eventoir*. It is called by the latter name in Rabelais. At length appears the word *eventail*. *Esventails faits avec canepin, taffetas et chevrotin*, are mentioned in a statute of 1594. And now the fan becomes an elaborate piece of jewellery. Brantôme mentions one with a mirror inside, decorated with precious stones of great value, belonging to Queen Eléonore. He also tells us that Queen Marguerite gave to Queen Louis of Lorraine, for a Christmas-present, a fan made of mother-of-pearl, so beautiful and richly adorned as to be quite a masterpiece, and considered to be worth more than 1,200 crowns, or, in money at the present day, the enormous sum of 24,700 francs.

It was in the sixteenth century that the modern form of the fan became general in France, supplanting that called the *eventail en pique*. Italian fans became the fashion at the court of Catherine de' Medici. The court perfumers became the makers and vendors of them. Fans of this period and manufacture were often circular, and surrounded with feathers or a fringe of floss silk. Fans made entirely of feathers were the fashion at Milan, Venice, Florence, and other Italian cities. The folded fan, however, was also an Italian invention, and used in Rome, Ferrara, and Naples. In England the fan seems only to have become fashionable in the reign of Richard II. of Bordeaux.

In the seventeenth century fans became the fashion throughout Europe. Coryat, in his "Crudities," mentions some that he saw in Italy very pretty, consisting of a paper mount pasted on a wooden handle, and which could be bought for a *groat*.

The modern fan may be classed as English, French, or Italian, for the Spanish is merely a variety of the Italian. In 1678 Louis XIV. granted a charter to the fan-makers of Paris, forming them into a corporation or guild. From this time the French fan became in all respects a real work of Art. Frequently the best masters were employed to design or paint the pictorial and other decorations of the mounts, while the fabrication of handles of ivory, pearl, silver, &c., became a distinct branch of industrial art. Le Brun and Watteau, Lemoine and Boucher, Coypel and Lancret, in later times even Ingres, Gérôme, and Eugène Lami, have given their skill to the decoration of the fan. In 1752 five hundred fan-

makers found employment in France. Among modern *eventaillistes* of renown we must place the names of MM. Voison, Alouise Van de Voorde, Vanier-Chardin, Rodien, Fred. Mayer, and Auguste Buinot.

Fan-making in England, originally incorporated into a guild in the reign of Queen Anne, seems to be again on the increase, and likely to flourish. The modern designs contributed to the exhibition now being held at the Drapers' Hall are many of them of rare excellence. If any particular examples could be singled out, we might name some from the show-cases of Messrs. Rimmel, Henley of Liverpool, the Crown Perfumery Company, Triefus and Ettlinger, and Duvellero. But with the exception of the black-silk fan, now so fashionable, it will be felt that the defect of modern fan-painting generally is a tendency towards paleness and greyiness, arising from the facility with which Payne's grey can be used on the material employed for the mounts. Hence recent work cannot for a moment compare with that of the seventeenth century of France and Italy, or the English work of the eighteenth. A fan attributed to the hand of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in Lady Musgrave's collection, is beyond all comparison finer miniature painting than at the present moment any fan-painter seems able to produce. It is as fine as a miniature by Clovio, and will compare with the celebrated victories of Charles V., in the Grenville Library at the British Museum, for sweetness of colour and exquisite refinement of execution. Nor is it the only one in the same priceless collection which would put to shame anything of the present day. The fan of Marie Antoinette, exhibited by the Crown Perfumery Company, is a perfect gem. That in *point d'Alençon* lace, by the same exhibitors, is also a marvellous piece of work. The fan that is said to have belonged to Queen Anne makes one pity her helpless ideas in matters of Art. It is a poor, paltry daub, which many a child would and ought to be ashamed of. The mount, a clumsy construction of vulgar tinsel and gaudy lacquer—surely this fan was not the masterpiece of the new guild? Our space, however, warns us we cannot particularise. To go over the hundreds of fans of the magnificent collection now open to the public, with anything like a fair and just appreciation, is quite impossible. To single out one where fifty deserve an equal notice may appear invidious; yet we cannot pass without praise the admirable design of Mrs. Hugh Rowley. It is said to have occupied that lady and her husband eleven weeks of almost incessant labour. Many others which richly deserve honourable mention we are compelled reluctantly to pass over.

## THE PICTURES AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

### III.

#### THE SPANISH SECTION.



It is probable, with the sole exception of the section devoted to France, that the Spanish Art department contains more evidences of positive genius than does any similar display on the part of any other nation. There are an originality, a *brio*, a brilliancy, about the works of these Spanish painters that one seeks for in vain among the representative Art of other countries. They stand alone—they are *sui generis*. No other group in the Exhibition can approach them as colourists. Nor do they bear the trace of influences exercised by any of the great Art-schools of Europe. Their characteristic qualities are striking by their very originality. When, as is seen in some few exceptional cases, a rising Spanish artist permits himself to be guided by the rules and traditions of another school, whether of Rome or of Paris, the result is mediocrity. It would seem as though they must be themselves or nothing. The Muse of Painting will not hearken to their wooing if they invoke her in a foreign tongue.

Prominent in this department is the extensive collection of Fortuny's works, above which the bronze bust of the lamented and gifted artist looks down with that air of superabundant and joyous vitality which is characteristic of the splendid *physique* of the man, and which seems like a defiance flung confidently in the

very teeth of Death and Fate. Superb and triumphant beneath its triple crown of youth, and health, and genius, that grand head looks down as though promising the world an unending succession of *chefs-d'œuvres* like those that crowd the wall below. And behold! these, and such as these, only remain to tell the world that Fortuny once lived.

This representation of the works of the great Spaniard is singularly full and striking. It comprises thirty paintings of varying dimensions, some of which, it is true, are mere sketches, while others are among the largest and most important works that he ever executed. Several of these last belong to Mr. William Stewart, who owns no less than thirteen of the works of Fortuny, and they have already been described in the pages of the *Art Journal*. Among these may be cited the 'Choice of a Model,' with its wonderful opaline effects of colour; 'The Punishment' (the Door of Justice at the Alhambra), 'The Fantasia,' 'The Antiquary,' and 'A Court in Granada.' 'A Garden in Arcadia,' belonging to M. Heeren, is a large and striking work, daringly executed with much wealth of colour and singularity of effect. The scene is a garden, or rather a wilderness of verdure and flowers, in which groups of Incroyables and Merveilleuses are making love. One damsel in sheeny satin falls swooning into the arms of an elegant dandy, who is reading something to her from a paper, presumably verses, from



the agitating effect that the reading seems to produce upon her. Here, too, is the 'Serpent-Charmers,' and an exquisite little gem called 'Shooting at a Mark.' A sketch of a nude female figure upon a background of greenish grey gives a striking and original effect.

From the pencil of Zamacois only four works are shown, which, as they form part of Mr. Stewart's collection, I have already described in my notice of that gentleman's gallery.

The elder Madrazo's four fine portraits attract the eye at once by their vigour of characterisation. Especially fine is a small head of Fortuny, who was not only his compatriot and brother in Art, but his son-in-law as well.

In the younger Madrazo we hail one of the most daring and successful colourists of modern Art. His pencil seems to have learned the secret of uniting all delicate and vivid tints in harmonious combination. His works dazzle the eye as with the hues of roses and of carnations. His 'Breaking up of a Masked Ball,' for instance, has all the glowing harmonies of a summer garden. This fine picture is the property of Mr. William Stewart. The time is early morning, the scene the garden of a splendid hotel, through whose open portals come the guests, surprised by daylight while still at their revels, their gay dresses showing incongruous in the cool, grey winter's dawn. The globe lamps on the gate-posts burn yellow and dim in the daylight. Through the open doorway, with its gorgeous awning and hangings of tapestry, shine the lingering lights of the ball. The carriages are driving off, one with a Harlequin on the box, who turns to look back at his fellow-revellers, while a pretty girl protrudes her head, in a Charlotte Corday cap, through the window. In the foreground, a Polichinelle in a resplendent suit of orange velvet and gold-lace, and with a lady dressed as a Chinese clinging to his arm, is exchanging a last jest with a Louis XV. marquise in powder and pale blue and rose-colour. A lovely lady in white, accompanied by a turbaned Turk, is about to get into her carriage; while still lingering within the doorway appear a group of gaily-attired maskers—a befeathered Indian, who is lighting a cigar, an old lady in the costume of the Restoration, a piquant damsel in a *soubrette* dress. Beside the doorway sits a coachman fast asleep, while three of his comrades are discussing some political question over the morning's paper. Here and there through the garden are groups of the departing guests—a Pierrot, who has taken a tumble on the grass-plot; a Muscadin, who is talking soft nonsense to a Swiss peasant on his arm. Beyond the open gate appears the street, where a group of street-sweepers pause in their avocations to gaze at the motley throng.

Were Madrazo inclined to adopt the affected phraseology of a certain English school, he might call his 'Pierrette' (also the property of Mr. William Stewart) a 'Fantasy in White and Rose Colour.' This dainty, life-sized figure—the portrait, it is said, of a beautiful model well known in Paris, shows in the rose-white of the skin, the dead, cream-white of the cloth dress and long gloves, and the snow-white of the swan's-down trimming of the opera-cloak, a singularly happy combination of the different tones of that difficult hue. Against a background of palest grey shows the figure, the white draperies relieved with trimmings and overdress of vivid rose-pink satin, and by an opera-cloak of pink velvet, whose lining of glistening glacé silk in brilliant sky-blue alone breaks the prevailing pinks and whites, which are repeated in the lady's pretty but painted features, and in her satin-slipped feet, with shimmering silken hose of a rosy hue. The black mask that she holds in her hand is the only dark spot in this splendidly daring effect of colour, which, like many other of Madrazo's pictures, seems to glow with the white lustre of the electric light.

As a portrait-painter, I should rank Madrazo below Bonnat; though one of his portraits in the Exhibition, a full-length of a lady, is extremely fine. She is pale, and is not pretty, but has an air of distinction, which the artist's pencil has not failed to reproduce. The background is a pale-green, against which the draperies of cool lilac and dead blue-white show with good effect. The hands are exquisitely painted. In strong contrast to this portrait is that of the elder Coquelin as Figaro, which stands out from the canvas with something of the breadth of handling and the dusky richness of colouring observable in the works of the Spanish masters of old. As a painter of children, Madrazo can hardly be considered successful, as he fails wholly to catch the free, unconscious grace of childhood.

Pradilla has gained the Medal of Honour with his large picture representing Juana La Loca, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the mother of Charles V., beside the coffin of her husband. It may be remembered that the poor mad queen refused for a long time to permit the corpse to be interred, and that she followed it in its long journey to the grave. The picture represents an evening halt of the funeral *cortège*. The coffin, its gold emblazonries showing with inappropriate pomp against its prevailing blackness, stands on a bier surrounded with lighted candles in the foreground. A priest reads prayers at one side, while the poor, distraught mourner stands at the other, fixing her wild, sad gaze upon the coffin, while the wind ruffles the sable folds of her garments and loosens her dishevelled hair. Her ladies and attendants are grouped around, some praying, and others intent only on enjoying the warmth of the freshly-lighted fire, while one or two look pityingly upon their hapless mistress. The sky is grey and chill-looking—there is an atmosphere as of winter and desolation over all. Yet, though this important work is painted with great strength and sincerity, the outside world will be at a loss to comprehend why it bore away the palm from the brilliant efforts of Madrazo's genius.

The landscapes of Rico are certainly among the most remarkable to be found in the Exhibition. Apart from the accuracy and brilliancy of his execution, he seems to possess the power of comprehending Nature in all her phases. Whether he paint a market-scene in Paris, a mass of Roman ruins, a sunset over the banks of the Seine, he reproduces with unfailing fidelity the characteristic individuality of the scene before him. Thus the 'Ruins at Rome' and the 'Banks of the Seine at Poissy' are well contrasted: the first, with every detail of the broken carving and shattered walls, showing clearly defined against the dazzling sky and beneath the transparent atmosphere; while the river-bank near Paris shows softly luminous, a glow of golden and of mist-veiled light above the tranquil river and the lonely shore.

Something of Vibert's epigrammatic sparkle, as well as of his careful and intelligent style of execution, appears in the painting by Santa-Cruz, entitled 'Servants mourning their Dead Mistress.' In a magnificent drawing-room, elevated in a lofty catafalque, lies in state the corpse of the departed lady, but so high in air, and so covered with flowers, that the spectator sees nothing of it, save the folds of the white drapery, the crucifix that reposes on the breast, and the tips of the feet just visible above the edge of the coffin. The time is early morning, and the rosy light of dawn is visible through a window at the side, flushing the eastern sky. A bevy of lackeys have evidently been detailed to sit up with the corpse all night. One of them, a negro, his black face showing in strong contrast with his powdered wig and gorgeous livery, lies asleep on a sofa in the corner. Another, with an eye to economy, is flicking out with a newspaper the lofty candles that burn beside the bier. In front of the window two others are engaged in a game of cards, while a third looks on and smiles in sleepy interest. Fruit and wine on a salver show that all creature comforts have not been neglected on this night of woe. Thus do these lackeys of a lordly mansion mourn for their departed mistress.

Melida, of Madrid, has contributed a bright little work entitled 'Le Trouble-Fête' (The Intruder). A party of young men and maidens have assembled together beside a spring to enjoy the pleasures of a picnic. They have come provided with their guitars as well as with all kinds of refreshments. The collation has been set out, the wine is cooling in the spring, the gentlemen are thrumming their guitars—and lo! upon a little eminence near at hand there has suddenly come into view a very big and inquisitive-looking bull. An instant disorder has fallen upon the assemblage. One elegant-looking cavalier, in a black-velvet jacket, has fallen on his hands and knees, and looks in horror-stricken amazement at the intruder. A pretty girl beside him has started up in terror and overturned the fruit-dish, its contents rolling unheeded in all directions. A youth in the background has fallen on his back, guitar in hand, and is vainly struggling to arise. A general *sauve qui peut* appears to be at hand. Meanwhile the bull surveys the group with an inquiring and not altogether reassuring mien. There is a good deal of very admirable work in this little picture, the figure of the cavalier in black velvet being especially excellent, as is also the whole management of the central group.



Leon y Escosura has reproduced for us one of the banquets held by Mary and Philip II., at Hampton Court, on the occasion of their marriage. He brings before us, with great wealth of colour and finish of execution, the long table crowded with knights and ladies in ruffs and embroideries, the tapestried walls, the vast painted window at the end of the hall, before which, in a long gallery, are placed the musicians, and above all a table in the centre of the apartment, covered with a wrought tapestry in blue and gold, and piled high with jewelled flasks and golden vases and goblets of Venetian glass, a wonderful prismatic effect of shifting lights and gem-like hues. The royal pair sit stiff and stately beneath their dais, while a scarlet-robed ecclesiastic asks a blessing upon the feast. Alike are king and queen in their red hair and their sinister ugliness, and Mary casts a sidelong glance at her husband, as though to note whether *his* glances be not straying towards some other fairer dame. She need not fear—they are all ugly, Escosura having evidently not cared to reproduce any type of English loveliness amid the queen's ladies-in-waiting. The glow of colour in this work is remarkable in its richness, the jewel-like splendours of the painted window being most admirably reproduced. Another and smaller work by Escosura represents the gates of Hampton Court with two equerries awaiting the coming forth of King William III., a highly-finished little work, chiefly remarkable for the accuracy of the architectural details. The

atmosphere is too brilliantly transparent to be characteristically English.

Ribera has chosen his subjects from the daily life of the lower classes, and lends to the scenes that he depicts the charm of a powerful and accurate pencil. His 'Café Chantant,' with its labouring musicians, scanty audience, and familiar caricature of a soldier upon the stage, is not without a dash of subtle humour. Excellently portrayed, too, is his street-scene in Paris, the waggon of a perambulating coffee-dealer with its little crowd of customers. The old man drinking, with his coat slung over his shoulders; the little girl in her warm red hood, who is offering a morsel to a dog beside her; the old woman who is filling her bowl; the *bric-à-brac* dealer at his stall in the background, are all admirable reproductions of certain well-known types of Parisian life.

We turn from this brilliant revelation of contemporary Art, feeling as though dazzled by excess of glory. Yet against this gifted group one charge can with all truthfulness be made. It is the lack of ideality, a scorn for all that is lofty and elevated in Art. There is no poetry of feeling or of conception enshrined amid the prismatic splendours of their marvellous colouring. They are realists—satirists at times—but of the earth, earthy. They have learned the secrets of the opal and the rose, the prism and the diamond, but not the "open sesame" to that inner shrine where dwells the heaven-born spirit of divinest Art.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## TURNER AND RUSKIN.



COLLECTION of one hundred and twenty-six drawings by Turner, accompanied by nearly eighty sketches, drawings, and photographs, executed or collected by Mr. Ruskin, has been on view at the Fine-Art Society's galleries, New Bond Street, London. The exhibition is illustrated by a little volume, which, under the title "Notes by Mr. Ruskin," contains a *catalogue raisonné* of the pictures, together with a great deal of the charming Art and other gossip in which the writer is so prone to indulge, not himself only, but also his readers.

A brief note of the main facts in the life of Turner is given by way of introduction. He was born on St. George's day, in 1775. He produced no work of importance till he was past twenty, though he worked constantly from the time that he could hold a pencil. His true master, Mr. Ruskin says, was Dr. Munro, to whose practical teaching and wise simplicity of method the healthy development of the power of the artist is attributed. His first artistic journey seems to have been taken in 1797 into Yorkshire and Cumberland. In the following year he exhibited ten pictures at the Royal Academy, the subjects being 'Morning among the Coniston Fells,' 'Wensleydale,' 'Dunstanborough Castle,' 'Kirkstall Abbey,' 'Fountains Abbey,' 'Norham Castle,' 'Holy Island Cathedral,' 'Ambleside Mill,' 'Buttermere Lake,' and 'The Fern House, Mickleham, Surrey.' In 1800 he exhibited his first sacred and epic picture, 'The Fifth Plague of Egypt.' His Art-life has been divided by his admirer into five periods. In the first, from 1800 to 1810, "his manner is stern, reserved, quiet, grave in colour, powerful in hand. His mind tranquil, fixed, in physical study, on maritime subjects; in moral study, on the mythology of Homer and the Law of the Old Testament." In the second period, 1810 to 1820, "his manner became gentle and refined in the extreme. He perceives the most subtle qualities of natural beauty in form and atmosphere, for the most part denying himself colour. His execution is unrivalled in precision and hue. His mind fixed chiefly on the loveliness of natural things." In the third period, or decade, a great change is said gradually to occur, owing to some evil chances in his life, in his moral temper. "He begins, after 1825, to exert and exhibit his power wantonly and irregularly; the power itself always increasing, and complete colour being now added to his scale in all conceptions. His handling becomes again more masculine, the refined work being reserved for particular passages. He forms, in this period, his own

complete and individual manner as a painter." It may be remarked, as tending to explain a division of the artist's biographical course which may at first seem somewhat arbitrary, that Turner paid three visits to Italy, viz., in 1819, in 1829, and in 1839 or 1840. It is not in his works alone that the influence of the great mother school of mediæval and modern Art may be traced. If the dates may be relied on, the nine drawings which Mr. Ruskin brings together under the title 'Dreamland, Italy'—1810 to 1820—must date in the last two years of that decade. The subject is the more interesting from the consideration that a first visit to Italy is calculated so to increase the perception by an artist of the fulness and contrast of colour in Nature, that the influence on his style and tone cannot fail to be great. But the beautiful drawings here brought together are more remarkable for the delicacy and precision of their delineation than for their bold dealing with colour. 'Rome from Monte Mario,' a little drawing of eight and a half by five and a half inches, represents every principal building in Rome so far as it would be seen from this point. Mr. Ruskin's further remark, that, "if you take a lens of good power to it, you will find even the ruinous masonry of the arches of the Coliseum distinctly felt and indicated," suggests the very interesting inquiry how far Turner's organs of vision resembled those of ordinary men. Of course the constant practice of graphic art gives to the eye a power and precision of which the uneducated vision is altogether incapable; but that is not what is here meant. It is well known that there is such an affection as colour-blindness, and we may suppose that a sort of grey neutral tint presides over the landscapes pictured on the retina of persons thus affected. On the other hand, it may be stated as a no less positive fact that there is such a thing as a special colour-sense of vision—a state in which the tints and hues of Nature become more luminous and decided than they appear to the ordinary spectator. How far this hyper-æsthetic condition, when it does not attain to a positively painful sensitiveness, may be more affected by certain hues of the spectrum than by others, we are without data for suggesting. That something of this kind characterised Turner's physique there seems to be good reason to conclude, and the idea may explain much that is otherwise inexplicable as to the mode in which, more particularly in his later years, the artist made use of fierce and violent colours, which, however masterly was their effect in composition, are in themselves anything but true to Nature, as appreciated by the ordinary observer. Bearing on this subject is the remark, cited by Mr. Ruskin, of the Rev. W. Kingsley, that he believed Turner



had never seen an eruption of Vesuvius. The drawing (No. 24), 'Vesuvius Angry,' certainly bears the aspect rather of the reproduction of some of the Italian paintings, which are so abundant in Naples, than of actual familiarity with that most magnificent of telluric phenomena. But the want of verisimilitude is not so much in the absence of the falling ashes, the descent of which may almost be called capricious, and which certainly varies much from minute to minute, as in the general yellow tone of the landscape, and the absence of either red or white points of incandescence. It is rather a view of the bay of Naples composed in a given key of colour than a real appreciation of the terrible anger of Vesuvius.

The third period of Turner's work divides, according to Mr. Ruskin, half-way. The fourth period, from 1830 to 1840, contains the two groups of the best French and best English drawings. The fifth period, 1840 to 1845—though the artist lived to 19th December, 1851—is illustrated by the best Alpine sketches, and by finished drawings from them. It is to be regretted that it is by such very uninformative adjectives as "wonderful," "marvellous," "insuperable," that Mr. Ruskin speaks of the chief works of Turner between 1830 and 1845, instead of pointing out the real Art characteristics. It is rather as a poet than as a draughtsman or colourist that the critic or avowed disciple allows himself to revel in his admiration of Turner; and we are all the poorer for this abandonment of the luminous severity of the professor of Art.

The collection under review gives a rare proof of the possession by the author of the Catalogue of an indispensable qualification for the thorough judge of Art, namely, the hand to create as well as the eye to see. It may not be true that none but a painter can truly judge of a painting. It may even be urged that a painter is not the most reliable judge or critic of the works of his brothers of the pencil. But we think it must be admitted that none but an artist in some field or branch of Art can be a thorough judge of Art in any of its branches. The education of the hand is needed, in order to give a reflected power and accuracy to the education of the eye. There is an unfinished pencil-sketch of an 'Outline from the Fresco of the Sacrifice of Job' in the Campo Santo

of Pisa, from the hand of Mr. Ruskin, which might have been placed without discredit in the exquisite collection of drawings by old masters exhibited last autumn in the Grosvenor Gallery. In refined delicacy and graceful truth of touch, combined with depth and tender sense of feeling, it almost leads us to echo the half-suppressed sigh of the draughtsman, "Had I been able to keep myself clear of literature!" Some of the architectural sketches, too, give a feeling of Gothic tracery akin to that which must have been possessed by the great artists of our cathedrals. A copy from Prout's 'Hotel-de-Ville, Brussels,' shows how much skill of touch is to be sought, or rather to be cultivated when it comes by instinct. There is something a little questionable as to the effect of the anthers of the 'Wild Strawberry Blossom' (45 R.); but the delicate tones of 'The Ducal Palace,' drawn in 1874, are indubitably "as near to the actual facts of the relation between dark and light in the architecture alone as attentive care can reach." The comment, "The moment sky is added to such a study as this all its detail becomes ghastly and useless," is most instructive. It shows how much more goes to make a truthful picture than fidelity of detail. The student should contrast this exquisite bit of water-colour drawing, which the artist feared to spoil by putting in the sky, with the composition, in colours, of 'Rouen, from St. Catherine's Hill,' by Turner (No. 56 in the Catalogue), in which patches of smalt in the sky are unlike anything ever witnessed by the ordinary vision in the skies of Normandy, but are yet needful to the harmony of the picture. Mr. Ruskin has called attention to the fact that "Turner never after this time drew from Nature without composing." He has given several very striking instances of subtle harmony in linear composition. He tells us how (in 'Flint Castle') the violent green and orange in the near figures are in themselves painful, but that the general effect would have been impossible without them. We should like to see an academic paper devoted to a thorough discussion of the real principles of the chromatic composition of an artist of whom it can be said, "His dislike of fresh green is a curious idiosyncrasy in him."

F. R. CONDER.

## NOTES.

LONDON.—Mr. W. F. Yeames, A.R.A., has been elected a member of the Royal Academy, London, in the place of the late Sir Gilbert Scott, and Mr. Frank Holl and Mr. E. Crofts supply the vacancies in the ranks of Associates made by the recent elevation to the post of Academicians of Mr. Orchardson and Mr. Norman Shaw. Mr. Yeames's length of service as an Associate entitles him justly to his higher rank, and Mr. Frank Holl has long since won his spurs on the field of Art, and merits what he has at length gained. . . . A bust by Joseph Edwards, although a work of merit, will be little noticed among the crowd in the sculpture passages at the Royal Academy. It will not be so when it reaches its destination in South Wales. It is the bust of an eminent and largely gifted Welsh scholar, Thomas Stephens, and is produced as a compliment from his countrymen, admirers, as well as friends of the author of "The Literature of the Cymry." The Welsh are proverbially clannish—we cannot say what word they would use to denote the resolution with which they help one another—and that is surely not a fault. They may well be proud of their countryman, Joseph Edwards. There are artists who will make as good busts, but there is no living sculptor who can produce monumental work so pure, so refined, so essentially holy. There seems to be in his mind and soul a natural piety that manifests itself in his work; an outpouring of a lofty religious sentiment; a true conception of what is just and right. There is no one to whom we would so instantly assign the task of perpetuating in marble what is lovely and of good report; he gives a sweet repose to death, and makes the change a sure indication of happiness. Perhaps that is the highest, as it is certainly the holiest, achievement of the sculptor's art. . . . A very beautiful collection of paintings on pottery and porcelain is now on exhibition at the Art Pottery Galleries of Messrs. Howell and James, in Regent Street. It contains between six and seven hundred specimens of amateur Art, as well as a large number of contributions from professionals. The amateurs are mostly ladies, and the evident improvement upon previous exhibitions shown in their work this season, and also in their choice of designs, should prove an encouragement to all unprejudiced

lovers and patrons of Art, and to the fair artists themselves, inciting them to increased efforts, and consequently to even greater success. Any new branch of Art that strives faithfully to illustrate the infinite beauty and inexhaustible variety of the ideals furnished by Nature should be welcomed; and the gratitude of all lovers of Art is due to Messrs. Howell and James for their exertions to bring this work before the public, and to the royal patrons who have shown so gracious and genuine an interest in the undertaking. The arrangements made to display the paintings to the best advantage are admirable, and nothing likely to prove of benefit to exhibitors is neglected. . . . Mr. L. Alma-Tadema has, according to the *Moniteur des Arts*, been nominated to a professorship at the Academy of the Fine Arts in Naples. "What a cosmopolitan artist!" says our French contemporary; "born in Holland, naturalised in England, and now an Italian professor."

ROME.—The excavation of the Palestrina (or rather ancient *Præneste*) Necropolis continues, and in it are found sarcophagi of tufa of various sizes, without any ornamentation; and generally near them are other small cases, within which are often found objects and sometimes ashes. Many antiquities, principally of pottery, are found in the earth near the cases. The specialty of the last excavation was the revelation that in a remote period (for the earth had not been touched recently) the cemetery had been despoiled; since, of about a hundred and fifty cases found, hardly thirteen or fourteen were intact, and these, probably, because they were below the others. The position of the sarcophagi was mostly pointing towards the south or the east. Many small columns have been found, generally terminating in a pine-cone, and inscribed with the names of the dead—men and women—in Latin, some of the letters of very ancient form. Vases of coloured glass; others of wood, cut with figures of animals; mirrors, bronze hair-pins, a toilette-box in the form of a human foot, nearly life-size, and the toe-nails covered with gold-plating; piece of a relief in pottery representing chariots and the rape of Ganymede; a gold ring, a small female bust in stone, &c., are the principal objects



recently found. At Rome itself an interesting discovery has been made in the vicinity of the Coliseum, and in making the deep drain, already fertile in revelations, which is to carry off the water from the Amphitheatre. Beneath the street of San Gregorio has been found the pavement of an ancient road, and it is now seen that the modern streets de' Cerchi and St. Gregorio follow precisely the direction of the Triumphal Way and the Via Nova. Near the gate of the Botanical Garden appeared a magnificent *cloacæ*; and a little farther, beyond the intersection of the Claudian Aqueduct with the Triumphal Way, below the pavement of the street, was found a series of cells of good brickwork. Amid the earth filling them were found pieces of a gilded bronze horse, life-size, and about six hundred fragments of a large high-relief in *terra-cotta*, with figures of men and animals. A beautiful mosaic painting, in colours, perfectly preserved, representing the arrival of a ship in port, has been brought to light in the *Nymphæum* (the style of which is in imitation of the Egyptian) once owned by an ancient Roman, a certain Avidius Quirinus. Its modern site is near the Via Nazionale, and it was discovered in the construction of a new wing to the Rospigliosi-Pallavicini Palace. The fresco shows us a port closed with a solid mole, arched and columned, behind which are the stairs and platforms, with steps descending to the level of the water. It has also small pillars to hold the vessel-cables. On the left rises the lighthouse, covered with marble, at the base rectangular, but circular above. The stern of the vessel is towards the moorings, while its sails and pennons are still spread to the wind. Of the crew, at least four can be distinguished intent on manœuvres of the rudder and ropes. The picture is enclosed in a frame of enamelled mosaic.

C. L. W.

ASSYRIAN ANTIQUITIES.—The cases containing the antiquities obtained by Mr. Hormuzd Rassam from the excavations he has carried out for the trustees of the British Museum have arrived. "Their safe and speedy arrival at the museum," says the *Athenæum*, "was greatly accelerated by the assistance given by Sir Austen Layard, to whose charge they were confided by Mr. Rassam on his arrival in Constantinople. The new collection is a very general one in the nature of its contents, but still it is of the greatest interest, and contains forms the most important acquired since the explorations of Mr. Layard. Among the objects of special interest may be noticed a very fine twelve-sided cylinder, containing a long historical inscription of the Assyrian king Assurbanipal, extending over more than twelve hundred lines. This monument is in excellent preservation, and is the finest cylinder in the national collection, excepting only the celebrated Taylor cylinder, which contains the annals of Sennacherib. It is dated in the eponym year of Shamadanin-ani, who was archon of Nineveh in B.C. 640. The inscription will no doubt greatly increase our knowledge of the annals of the Augustan age of the Assyrian Empire. Mr. Rassam has also discovered some antiquities of great importance in the Mound of Balawat. These relics, now that they have arrived at the British Museum, are found to be of the time of Assur-nazir-pal, who reigned in the ninth century before the Christian era. They consist of some splendid bronze trophies and bas-reliefs, of which we hope at an early period to give a description. During his excavations at Koyunjik, the site of Nineveh, Mr. Rassam discovered more than fourteen hundred fine fragments of cuneiform inscription. It is hoped that among these are some of the famous Isdubar series. Among the minor objects may be noticed especially some splendid ivory carvings, even finer than the already beautiful collection in the British Museum."

CORCORAN GALLERY, WASHINGTON.—Two works in marble have been placed here on exhibition. They are busts of the late Senator John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, by Joel T. Hart, and of the late Chief-Justice Taney, United States Supreme Court, by Dr. Horatio Stone. The former is in every respect one of Hart's masterpieces. The beardless face, rugged features, and simple drapery, give the work a character severely antique. It fitly stands near the Henry Clay sculpture. In contemplating the homely—it may be said the uncouth—faces of these effigies of the distinguished Kentuckians, we feel how little, after all, mere comeliness or regularity of features is needed for the sculptor's purpose if he has the genius to stamp them with the expression that recalls the living statesmen, who "being dead, yet speaketh" from the cold marble lips and sightless brows. The bust of Taney, though recognisable, lacks the declination of the head so characteristic of the original. Dr. Stone had considerable natural ability for his art, but he took it up too late in life, and without that early, thorough training in designing and modelling necessary to make his work that of a master. There is also on exhibition an excellent portrait of the late Chief-Justice John Marshall, United States Supreme Court, said to be by Thomas Sully. If so, it is unlike that artist's usual style of colour. It is painted in a low, sombre tone, conveying a good idea of the swarthy complexion of the eminent jurist.

MUNICH.—The Royal Maximilianeum Gallery in Munich has at last been opened to the public, after having excited curiosity for some years. "It is decorated," says the *Academy*, "with large historical paintings by modern German artists, illustrating not the history of Germany alone, but the wider history of the world. Thus we find among the subjects represented—'Queen Elizabeth reviewing her Troops before the Spanish Armada,' by Ferdinand Piloty; 'Peter the Great founding St. Petersburg,' by Kotzebue; 'Washington forcing Lord Cornwallis to deliver up the Fortress of Yorktown,' by Eugen Hess; the 'Taking of Jerusalem under Godfrey de Bouillon,' by Karl von Piloty; 'Luther at the Diet of Worms,' by Julius Schnorr. One smaller *saal* contains two of the best, perhaps, of these paintings—namely, 'The Fall of Man,' by A. Cabanel, the French painter, and 'Mohammed's Entrance into Mecca, and Destruction of the Kaaba,' by Andreas Müller. The Royal Maximilianeum, at the end of the Maximilian Strasse, is an institution for students entering the government service, and these grand new paintings are intended, no doubt, to have an educational value. They have just been photographed by the well-known firm of Haufstängel, in Munich. Besides the paintings, a series of twelve colossal marble statues of the most distinguished men of all times, executed by Peter Schöyff, in Rome, form part of the new adornment."

*The Art Interchange*, a fortnightly household journal, published in behalf of the Society of Decorative Art, is announced. Mr. William C. Prime, Mr. Louis Tiffany, Mr. Russell Sturgis, General di Cesnola, and, in all probability, Mr. Clarence Cook, together with others, are to be among its contributors. Its articles will give suggestions, or detailed instruction, in silk, crewel, tapestry, and mediæval embroideries; drawing and painting on wood, silk, linen, and porcelain; carving in wood and ivory, and full descriptions of all novel fancy-work. Queries, when of general interest, will be carefully answered, and information furnished of the latest movements in English, French, and American schools of Art and decoration. Brief, pointed criticism and concise literary reviews will also be afforded. In addition to these features, all new matters of a household nature, as collections, curiosities, *bric-à-brac*, window-gardening, and in-door amusements, will receive specific notice. As a special department, a portion of the space will be assigned to the society, to be regularly filled by officially-authorised contributions from its members. It will be conducted under the supervision of a board of managers appointed by the society.

A RECENT treasure-trove in Austrian Poland (Galicia) is described in the *Gazeta Polska* of the 17th instant, a paper published at Warsaw. At Mihalowice, a small village in the district of Borszczow, in Eastern Galicia, at a place where a brook had undermined its bank, an old peasant-woman found a number of gold ornaments. Count Dzieduszycki, Galician member of the Austrian Commission of the Paris Exhibition, hearing of the discovery, succeeded in purchasing the treasure for 6,000 florins (about \$2,500), and sent it to his museum at Lemberg, where it is now exhibited. Mr. Sontag, the director of the museum, is engaged in searching at Mihalowice for more treasure, or something to indicate the age of the objects already discovered. They consist of crowns, bracelets, and other ornaments of regal state, thirty pieces in all, and appear to date from prehistoric times, as they do not resemble either Polish or Ruthenian antiquities. The ornaments are of great beauty, and seem to point to an advanced state of civilisation in Galicia long before it was ruled by the Princes of Halicz, who preceded the Kings of Poland. The value of the metal is said to be about 100,000 florins.

The Paris correspondent of the *New York World*, writing of Bartholdi's gigantic statue of 'Liberty enlightening the World,' designed for New York Harbour, says: "It is being made in pieces, as space and funds permit, and for the first piece made, the forearm holding the torch, New-Yorkers may see it any day by going to Madison Square. The second part, the head and neck, and the beginning of the spacious breast (which would be large enough for their function if Liberty were the mother of all the virtues), is now finished, and on view on the Exhibition-grounds, whence it will be despatched straight to its ultimate destination. The rest—the trunk, the capacious draperies to cover the lower limbs, and the arm holding the tablet of Independence—is all yet to be, and the world will have reason to congratulate itself if it get fully 'enlightened' by means of this completed torch-bearer by the year 1881."

DUBLIN.—The monument in honour of Daniel O'Connell, for which the late Mr. Foley, R.A., received the commission some years ago, is to be executed by Foley's pupil and assistant, Mr. T. Brock, to whose hands Foley's model has been transferred. Foley was paid for his work £2,000, and his successor is to receive £10,500 for its completion; not by any means a large sum considering the size and character of the monument. The committee for seeing the work carried out has recently adopted the formal contract as here announced.



# THE ART JOURNAL ADVERTISER.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1878.

**TO ADVERTISERS.**—It is a fact beyond all question that advertising is one of the most important auxiliaries in successfully conducting business; and no thoroughly practical man, though his experience and observation be limited, will undervalue this powerful agency in the commercial world; neither should any person fail to make use of such means as are legitimate, generally effective, and may be indispensable. Publicity is the very foundation of commercial success, and this must be obtained by *Advertising*. This has become patent, and a man who, by this method, seeks the prosperity of his business, enters upon no untried field; he has the example of the most eminent and successful business-men of the past and present.

**THE ART JOURNAL** (published by D. APPLETON & CO.) is undoubtedly one of the very best mediums in the country—reaching, as it does, the families of *CULTURE, TASTE, and MEANS*. Its circulation is large—surpassing the most sanguine expectations of publishers—and is constantly increasing. No better medium exists for reaching the best buyers in the land. Our advertisements are all legitimate business-houses, nothing that is deceptive or blind, bogus or humbug. We refer to our advertising columns. Our rates are follows:

## ADVERTISING RATES IN ART JOURNAL.

First Page (back) - - - - -	80 cents per line, agate.	Fourth Page - - - - -	75 cents per line, agate.
Second and Third Pages - - - - -	60 " " "	Third Cover-Page - - - - -	75 " " "

count on advertisements inserted 3 months - - - - - 10 %; 6 months - - - - - 15 %; 12 months - - - - - 25 %.

Special rates for special places and choice pages. No advertisements less than 10 lines.

Address HENRY W. QUIN, Advertising Department, at D. Appleton & Co.'s, 549 & 551 Broadway, New York.

## AS FIXTURES

IN

**GILT, BRONZE,  
DECORATIVE PORCELAIN,**  
And to Special Designs.

## FINE CLOCKS,

IN

**BRONZE AND MARBLE,**

AND

*Ornamental Bronzes.*

## Architectural Church Fixtures,

*Unsurpassed in Variety and Excellence,*

AND

## ORNAMENTAL METAL-WORK,

*Of Artistic Designs, and at Low Prices.*

by Correspondence or otherwise, respectfully solicited, to which most careful attention will be given.

## Mitchell, Vance & Co.,

836 & 838 Broadway,

St., near Union Square, NEW YORK.

MANUFACTORY:

10th and 25th Streets and 10th Avenue, New York.

ASK FOR  
**ESTERBROOK'S**  
**STEEL PENS**  
ESTERBROOK & CO.  
FALCON PEN.  
Most Popular in Use.  
FOR SALE BY ALL  
DEALERS IN THE UNITED STATES.  
NEW YORK OFFICE  
26 John Street.

Leading Numbers of Pens. 048-14-130-606-333-444-123-161.

ALWAYS ASK FOR "ESTERBROOK'S."

## JAPAN. INDIA. CHINA.

### CHOICEST GOODS FROM THESE NATIONS CONSTANTLY ARRIVING.

We call special attention to our *immense and varied stock* of Japanese, Chinese, and India goods on exhibition in our spacious salerooms, comprising choicest specimens of Satsuma, Kaga, Imari, Kiyoto, Banko, Owari, Awata, Seidji, and other rare wares, ancient and modern. Also, magnificent Cloisonné Enamels, finely wrought Antique and Modern Bronzes, handsome Porcelains from the famous manufacturers of Japan and China, superb Gold Lacquers, Ivory Carvings, handsomely-embroidered and finely-painted Screens and Hangings, carved Teakwood Cabinets, Tables, Lanterns, etc.; in fact the largest stock and greatest variety ever shown in this country, at lower prices than elsewhere.

PERSIAN, TURKISH, and JAPANESE CARPETS and RUGS, of new designs and desirable sizes; Portières, Table-Covers, etc.

**A. A. VANTINE & COMPANY,**

827-829-831 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

## THE SPEAKING TELEPHONE, TALKING PHONOGRAPH,

And other Novelties. By GEORGE B. PRESCOTT.

With numerous Illustrations. 1 vol., 8vo,  
432 pages. Cloth; price, \$3.00.

The object in preparing this book has been to furnish the public with a clear and accurate description of the more recent and useful improvements in electrical science, and especially to explain the principles and operation of that marvelous production, the Speaking Telephone.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers,  
549 & 551 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

**ORGANS** RETAIL PRICE \$280 ONLY \$65.  
**PIANOS** RETAIL PRICE \$510 ONLY \$135.  
Great Bargains.  
BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

## BURNETT'S COLOGNE.

Unrivalled in Richness and  
Delicacy of Perfume.

In Quarter and Half Pints, Pints  
and Quarts.

Highest Awards at the Centennial Exposition,  
at Louisville, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago, Boston,  
and New York.

The Awards were given for "its richness,  
delicacy, and care in compounding,"  
confirming the opinion of the best judges,  
that it is *superior* to any foreign or  
domestic.

For sale by PARK & TILFORD, ACKER,  
MERRALL & CONNITT, B. ALTMAN & CO.,  
JOHNSTON BROS. & CO., R. H. MACY &  
CO., FRED'K LOESER & CO.



## Pure French Wines and Brandy,

DIRECT FROM THE VINEYARDS.

CLARET, CHAMPAGNE, BURGUNDY, S.A.U-  
TERNE, RARE CHATEAU WINES.  
SPECIALTY OF OLD AND  
VERY OLD COGNAC  
BRANDY.

In cases and in single bottles. Orders per mail promptly filled.

SEND FOR PRICE-LIST.

For Sale by HERMAN TROST & CO.,

Nos. 48, 50, 52, and 54 Murray Street.

ESTABLISHED SINCE A. D. 1835.

Also, Importers of French Chinaware, Crystal  
Table-Glassware, Artistic Pottery, etc.

## CHOICE ENGRAVINGS.

A select and rich collection of rare Engravings and Etchings  
will be found at the rooms of

## HERMANN WUNDERLICH & CO.,

880 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The assortment comprises the masterpieces of Rembrandt,  
Dürer, Schoengauer, Lucas van Leyden, Raimondi, and others.  
It also contains exquisite proofs by Morghen, Toschi, Bonghi,  
Desnoyer, Wille, Sharp, Masson, Nanteuil, Edelinck, &c.  
Collectors and Amateurs will find his Portfolios well worthy of  
examination.

Prices Moderate.

CATALOGUES SENT ON APPLICATION.



## IMPERIAL CARDS

SIX DOLLARS PER DOZEN,

BY ROCKWOOD,

17 UNION SQUARE, WEST.

Mr. Rockwood gives personal attention  
to the posing of sitters, from 9 to 4  
o'clock daily.

SPECIAL SKY-LIGHT for copying Paintings,  
Statuary, and Etc.-&-Etc.

## SCENERY

OF THE

## Pacific Railways, and Colorado.

With Map, and 71 Illustrations on Wood,

By J. D. WOODWARD.

An exquisitely beautiful volume descriptive of far Western scenery;  
excellent as a book for the table, and a guide for tourists.

4to, 80 pages.

Paper cover; price, 75 cents; cloth, \$1.25.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers,  
549 & 551 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



"We cannot too highly commend this latest scheme for presenting good literature in comely and convenient shape, at extremely low prices."—NEW YORK EVENING POST.

## APPLETONS' NEW HANDY-VOLUME SERIES.

Brilliant Novelettes; Romance, Adventure, Travel, Humor;  
Historic, Literary, and Society Monographs.

**JET: HER FACE OR HER FORTUNE?** By Mrs. ANNIE EDWARDES, author of "Archie Lovell," "Ought we to visit Her?" etc. (No. 1, Appletons' "New Handy-Volume Series.") Paper cover, 30 cents.

"Jet" is a thoroughly good book. It is pure in purpose, fresh and attractive in style, and fully justifies all the 'great expectations' based upon the reputation Mrs. Edwardes has gained for herself."—*Boston Post*.

**A STRUGGLE.** By BARNET PHILLIPS. (No. 2, Appletons' "New Handy-Volume Series.") Paper cover, 25 cents.

"A charming novelette of the Franco-German War, told in a pleasant and interesting manner that absorbs the mind until the story is finished. It is full of incident and adventure, and written with skill and vivacity."—*Philadelphia Times*.

**MISERICORDIA.** By ETHEL LYNN LINTON. (No. 3, Appletons' "New Handy-Volume Series.") Paper cover, 20 cents.

"The story is shorter than most of those that Mrs. Linton writes, but we are not sure that we like anything else from her pen better than this."—*New York Evening Post*.

**GORDON BALDWIN, and THE PHILOSOPHER'S PENDULUM.** By RUDOLPH LINDAU. (No. 4, Appletons' "New Handy-Volume Series.") Paper cover, 25 cents.

"Both tales are full of dramatic interest, and both are told with admirable skill, and with something of that tact which distinguishes French literary art from most Saxon work, although the author is not a Frenchman."—*New York Evening Post*.

**THE FISHERMAN OF AUGE.** By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID. (No. 5, Appletons' "New Handy-Volume Series.") Paper cover, 20 cents.

"A particularly good bit of work by Katharine S. Macquoid. The story has a strong plot, and some of its scenes are fine bits of dramatic writing."—*New York Evening Post*.

**ESSAYS OF ELIA.** First Series. By CHARLES LAMB. (No. 6, Appletons' "New Handy-Volume Series.") Paper cover, 30 cents.

"The quaintness of thought and expression, the originality and humor and exquisite elaboration of the papers, have made them as much a standard as any of the writings of Addison and Steele, and far more agreeable."—*Philadelphia North American*.

**THE BIRD OF PASSAGE.** By J. SHERIDAN LE FANU, author of "Uncle Silas," etc. (No. 7, Appletons' "New Handy-Volume Series.") Paper cover, 25 cents.

"In 'The Bird of Passage' Mr. Le Fanu has created a heroine who is a pleasant relief from the crowd of conventional beauties that one knows by heart. The scenes of the book are as odd as the characters."—*Boston Courier*.

**THE HOUSE OF THE TWO BARBELS.** By ANDRÉ THEURIET, author of "Gérard's Marriage," "The Godson of a Marquis," etc. (No. 8, Appletons' "New Handy-Volume Series.") Paper cover, 20 cents.

"The tale is pretty, and so naively and charmingly told, with such delicate yet artistic characterization, that it leaves a most delightful impression on the reader's mind."—*N. Y. Express*.

**LIGHTS OF THE OLD ENGLISH STAGE.** Biographical and Anecdotal Sketches of Famous Actors of the Old English Stage. Reprinted from *Temple Bar*. (No. 9, Appletons' "New Handy-Volume Series.") Paper cover, 30 cents.

"There are eleven chapters which treat of Richard Burbage and other 'originals' of Shakespeare's characters, the Cibbers, Garrick, Charles Macklin, 'Peg' Woffington and George Anne Bellamy, John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, Cooke, Edmund Kean, Charles Young, Dora Jordan, and Mrs. Robinson. A more interesting group of persons it would be hard to find."—*New York World*.

APPLETONS' "NEW HANDY-VOLUME SERIES" is in handsome 18mo volumes, in large type, of a size convenient for the pocket, or suitable for the library-shelf, bound in paper covers.

\* Any volume mailed, post-paid, to any address within the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.

**IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.** From the *Nineteenth Century*. By R. W. DALE. I. Society. II. Politics. III. and IV. Popular Education. (No. 10, Appletons' "New Handy-Volume Series.") Paper cover, 25 cents.

"Mr. Dale's book will be read with peculiar interest by Americans, as containing the views and impressions of a cultivated Englishman. His chapter upon American politics shows a greater degree of fairness and a better understanding of the spirit of our institutions than are exhibited by most English writers. In speaking of our social characteristics, he says that during the whole of his stay, and in all parts of the country, East and West, he was struck with the extreme gentleness of American manners, and gives several instances which came under his observation."—*Boston Evening Transcript*.

"The book shows how our society, politics, and systems of popular education strike an intelligent, observing, fair-minded foreigner. The style of the book is pleasant, and the writer notices our republican ways with a mingling of surprise, admiration, and amusement, that is refreshing to read about."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

**THE GOLDSMITH'S WIFE.** By Madame CHARLES REYBAUD. (No. 11, Appletons' "New Handy-Volume Series.") Paper cover, 25 cents.

"No one but a woman could have sounded the depths of the nature of this goldsmith's wife, and portrayed so clearly her exquisite purity and the hard struggles she underwent."—*New York Mail*.

**A SUMMER IDYL.** By CHRISTIAN REID, author of "Bonny Kate," "Valerie Aylmer," etc. (No. 12, Appletons' "New Handy-Volume Series.") Paper cover, 30 cents.

"A Summer Idyl" is a charming summer sketch, the scene of which is on the French Broad, in North Carolina. It is eminently entertaining as a story, as well as a delightful idyllic rural picture.

**THE ARAB WIFE.** A Romance of the Polynesian Seas. (No. 13, Appletons' "New Handy-Volume Series.") Paper cover, 25 cents.

"The Arab Wife" is a picturesque and romantic story, of a kind to recall to many readers those brilliant books of thirty years ago—Melville's "Typee" and "Omoo."

**MRS. GAINSBOROUGH'S DIAMONDS.** By JULIAN HAWTHORNE, author of "Bressant," "Garth," etc. (No. 14, Appletons' "New Handy-Volume Series.") Paper cover, 20 cents.

"This interesting little story fully sustains the reputation of Julian Hawthorne. In him, at least, we have one more proof of the 'heredity of genius.'"

**LIQUIDATED, and THE SEER.** By RUDOLPH LINDAU, author of "Gordon Baldwin," and "The Philosopher's Pendulum." (No. 15, Appletons' "New Handy-Volume Series.") Paper cover, 25 cents.

"Rudolph Lindau is a young German author, rising rapidly to fame, whose stories have principally Americans and Englishmen for their *dramatis personæ*, and which are remarkable for dramatic directness and force, insight into character, and freshness of motive and incident."

**THE GREAT GERMAN COMPOSERS.** Comprising Biographical and Anecdotal Sketches of Bach, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Chopin, Weber, Mendelssohn, and Wagner. (No. 16, Appletons' "New Handy-Volume Series.") Paper cover, 30 cents.

**ANTOINETTE.** A Story. By ANDRÉ THEURIET. (No. 17, Appletons' "New Handy-Volume Series.") Paper cover, 20 cents.

"The leading idea of this story was borrowed from a remarkable romance, 'Good-bye, Sweetheart!' by Rhoda Broughton. It would be interesting, it was thought, to place in analogous situations personages thoroughly French, and to see what transformations the differences of race, of manners, and of surroundings, would require in the progress of the action. This study has led to notable changes, and a nearly new work is the result, in characters, incidents, and landscapes; and, finally, the catastrophe is entirely distinct."—*Author's Preface*.

THE WORLD'S MODEL MAGAZINE.—A combination of the entertaining, the useful, and the beautiful, with Art Engravings and Oil Pictures in each number worth more than its cost.

## Demorest's Monthly Magazine

Surpasses all Former Issues in Brilliant Variety, and Artistic Excellence.

No one can afford to do without this world's acknowledged Model Magazine. The largest in form, the largest in circulation, and the best in everything that makes a magazine desirable—prising entertaining Literature, Fine Illustrations, Music, Culture, Architecture, Household Matters, Reliable Fashion, Full-size Patterns, with other rare and beautiful novelties, all to elevate the taste, and make home attractive and comfortable. Single copies, 25 cents. Yearly, \$3.00. The *London Times* says of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE: "Got up in America where it has enormous sales; the most remarkable work of class that has ever been published, and combines the attraction of several English Magazines." The *American Bookseller* says: "There are none of our monthlies in which the beautiful and the useful, pleasure and profit, fashion and literature, are so fully presented as in Demorest's."

### MORE THAN EXTRAORDINARY!

A choice of double premiums for 1890. The beautiful highly-prized Oil Pictures, "THE LION'S BRIDE," 15 x 21 in., "ROCK OF AGES," 15 x 21 in., "OLD OAKEN BUTT," 17 x 26 in., "AFTER THE STORM," 16 x 26 in., "CAPTIVE CHILD," 17 x 26 in. A selection of any five of these pictures to each subscriber at \$3.00; or a selection of twenty other useful and valuable articles. Useful and valuable premiums also given to persons sending a number of names. Postal-card for full particulars. Subscriptions can commence with any month.

Those who know how to appreciate the highest art, will be surprised to learn that two splendid oil-pictures, in all their natural beauty and excellence, mounted on canvas and stretched ready for framing, are offered as a premium to each \$3.00 yearly subscriber. Transportation 50 cents extra.

The size of these pictures is just about the proportion to them suitable for some choice place in the parlor. Artistic sentiment, and so purely artistic as to always command attention. Suitable and elegant frames of French walnut and with engraved corners, will be furnished for \$1.50 each, making the whole cost, including subscription to the Magazine, \$6.00, richly worth five times that amount.

And just what you want most. The largest and best Magazine and the best Parlor Pictures in America—Pictures that combine beauty, sentiment, style, and artistic merit, quite equal to paintings worth \$100 each.

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,  
17 East 14th Street, New York.

Gems of Beauty and Distinguished Novelties for the Spring and Winter Fashions. Mme. Demorest's Grand Catalogue of reliable Patterns, 5 Rue Scribe, Paris; 17 East 14th Street, New York, and all the Agencies everywhere.

PRIZE MEDAL TO THE FASHION DEPARTMENT OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION AWARDED TO MME. DEMOREST.

MME. DEMOREST'S  
SEMI-ANNUAL

## WHAT TO WEAR AUTUMN AND WINTER FASHIONS.

A BOOK OF OVER 300 PAGES,

Containing full and complete information in every department—Ladies' and Children's Dress, including Materials, Trimmings, Laces, Traveling, Wedding, and Mourning Outfits, Costume, all descriptions, Jewelry, Coiffures, Millinery, etc., etc., with Instructions in Dress-Making, and valuable information for dress-makers, Milliners, Dress-Makers, and Ladies generally.

Price, 15 cts.; 7½d. Sterling; or ¾ franc. Post I

MME. DEMOREST'S  
SEMI-ANNUAL

## PORTFOLIO OF FASHIONS FOR THE AUTUMN AND WINTER FASHIONS OF 1878-'79.

A large and beautiful book of 52 quarto pages, containing 500 LARGE ILLUSTRATIONS of the latest and best styles, including all the standard and useful designs for Ladies' and Children's Dress, with French and English descriptions, amount of material required, etc., etc. Every lady wants this book of large illustrations of the new styles.

Price, 15 cts.; 7½d. Sterling; or ¾ franc. Post I

See what the *London Times* says of MME. DEMOREST'S FASHION PORTFOLIO OF FASHIONS:

"There are fifty quarto pages of text and illustrations, an inch of space wasted; upward of 500 engravings of garments suitable for Ladies and Children. The variety is perfectly bewildering. The most charming shapes are here; Paris, Vienna, London, and Washington, have each their representative; the text is in French and English, and gives in those styles the make and the trimming most suitable, and a collection is presented such as no other magazine in the world can show."

Address MME. DEMOREST,  
5 RUE SCRIBE, PARIS; 17 EAST 14TH STREET, NEW YORK  
or any of Mme. Demorest's Agencies.





# THE ART JOURNAL.

THE ART JOURNAL contains features that render it invaluable to artists, amateurs, and all persons interested in PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE, DECORATION, FURNISHING, ORNAMENTATION, ENGRAVING, ETCHING, or DESIGNING in any of its branches. It is a record of Progress in the Arts; it affords instruction to amateurs and students; it furnishes designers with innumerable suggestions; it gives examples of what is doing in Europe and America in the different arts; it is a choice gallery of engravings, executed in the best manner, on both steel and wood. Among its varied features are the following:

**DECORATIVE ART.**—Papers designed to give instruction in the principles of DECORATIVE ART, in the application of natural forms to ornamentation, with designs for China-Painting, Furniture, Carving, Embroidery, Lace, Wall-Decoration, Pottery, and for all industries into which decoration or ornament enters.

**AMERICAN INTERIORS.**—Illustrations of artistic furnishing, as exemplified in American homes, engraved in the best manner possible.

**THE HOMES OF AMERICA.**—A series giving views of residences in different parts of the country, including the stately mansions of the wealthy, the picturesque homes of the people, and views of the residences of noted men.

**AMERICAN PAINTERS.**—A series of articles on AMERICAN ARTISTS, accompanied by examples of their works. The engravings in this series afford some of the best examples of wood-cutting ever given to the public.

**THE PARIS EXPOSITION FOR 1878.**—Illustrations of contributions of an Art-character to the French Exposition of 1878. Large space will be given to this feature.

**STEEL ENGRAVINGS.**—Each number contains three Steel Engravings, in many instances a single plate being worth more than the price of the number. The steel engravings consist of examples of BRITISH, AMERICAN, and CONTINENTAL ARTISTS. Subjects in Sculpture are also given.

**OTHER FEATURES.**—Papers on contemporary BRITISH ARTISTS, with examples of their works, engraved on wood; illustrations of AMERICAN and FOREIGN ART-MANUFACTURES; views of new CHURCHES, BUILDINGS, and MONUMENTS.

Nothing is left undone to sustain the reputation of this publication as the most valuable and beautiful of all the Art Periodicals in the world. Printing, paper, and general get-up, are of the best character, such as to win the commendation of all critics.

THE ART JOURNAL contains the Steel Plates and Illustrations of the LONDON ART JOURNAL (the exclusive right of which, for Canada and the United States, has been purchased by the publishers), with extensive additions relating to American Art and American topics. The proprietors give notice that some of the steel plates and illustrations appearing in the LONDON ART JOURNAL are engraved and copyrighted in this country, and that, consequently, the importation and sale of the English issue are an infringement upon the copyright of this work.

Published monthly. *Sold only by Subscription.* PRICE, 75 CENTS PER NUMBER (payable to the carrier), or Nine Dollars per Annum, in advance, postage prepaid by the Publishers.

*D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, 549 & 551 Broadway, N. Y.*

AGENCIES: 22 Hawley St., Boston; 922 Chestnut St., Philadelphia; 22 Post-Office Avenue, Baltimore; 54 Ninth St., Pittsburg; 100 State St., Albany; State St., Rochester; 61 Washington St., Chicago; 320½ North 3d St., St. Louis; 20 St. Charles St., New Orleans; 230 Sutter St., San Francisco.



# AVERILL PAINT,

The Most Beautiful and Durable  
Exterior Paint Known.

White and all the Fashionable Shades Sold by  
the Gallon, Ready for Use.

The finest residences in the country use it.

Rev. S. WESTLEY LAKE says: "Our Church painted  
with your Paint looks splendid."

Gen. D. H. STROTHER: "It is economical."

F. F. THOMPSON, Esq.: "My buildings look beautiful."

Hundreds of testimonials from owners of the finest residences  
in the country, with Sample Card of Colors, furnished free by  
dealers, and by the

Averill Chemical Paint Co.,

New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago.

## THE Popular Science Monthly, FOR SEPTEMBER.

### CONTENTS.

- I. The Place of Conscience in Evolution. By Rev. T. W. FOWLE.
- II. Civilization and Science. III. By Prof. EMIL DU ROIS-REYMOND.
- III. Artificial Precious Stones. By CARUS STERN.
- IV. The Tereido and its Depredations. II. By Dr. E. H. VON BAUMHAUER. (Illustrated.)
- V. Science in the English Schools.
- VI. Monera, and the Problem of Life. II. The Physical Phase of the Problem. By EDMUND MONTGOMERY, M. D.
- VII. The Astronomical History of Worlds. By Prof. DANIEL VAUGHAN.
- VIII. Genealogy. By JOHN AMPHLETT.
- IX. An Infant's Progress in Language. By FREDERICK POLLOCK.
- X. The Origin of Fruits. By Prof. GRANT ALLEN.
- XI. Sketch of Prof. O. C. Marsh. By G. B. GRINNELL. (With Portrait.)
- XII. EDITOR'S TABLE: The English Report on International Copyright—Cookery and Education—Science in relation to Teaching—The Classics in Germany—Death of Prof. William Monroe Davis.
- LITERARY NOTES: Lessons in Cookery: Training-School Hand-book—BAIRD'S Annual Record of Science and Industry, for 1877—BARZELLOTTI'S Ethics of Positivism—CLIFFORD'S Elements of Dynamics—FRICK'S Physical Technics—Current Discussion—WILLIAMSON'S Ferns of Kentucky—Bulletin of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories—Cook's Manual of the Apiary, etc.
- POPULAR MISCELLANY: The Recent Solar Eclipse—Progress of the Electric Light—Bathing as a Cause of Ear-Disease—The Carpet-Beetle—The Earthquake-Scare in North Carolina—Material Resources of European Russia—Meteorological Notes—Death to the English Sparrow—Agencies of Nitrification—How Ants distinguish each other—How the Lake-Dwellers lived—Rapid Decay of Timber.

### NOTES.

Conducted by E. L. and W. J. YOUNG.

TERMS: \$5 per Annum, postage free, or 50 cts. per Number. APPLETONS' JOURNAL and THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY, together, for \$7.20 per annum, postage prepaid by the publishers.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers,  
549 & 551 Broadway, New York.

## THE Popular Science Monthly. SUPPLEMENT.

### Contents for SEPTEMBER.

- I. Africa and the Africans. By A NEGRO (Rev. EDWARD W. BLYDEN).
- II. Hellas and Civilization. By Prof. GRANT ALLEN.
- III. Results of the English Arctic Expedition of 1875-76.
- IV. A New Crater in the Moon. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR.
- V. Alcoholic Brain-Disorders. By ROBERT LAWSON, M. B.
- VI. Primitive Property and Modern Socialism.
- VII. Malay Life in the Philippines. By W. G. PALGRAVE.
- VIII. Feeling and Energy: Alternate Affections of Matter. By W. S. DUNCAN.
- IX. Mischievous Philanthropy.
- X. A Review of "The Epoch of the Mammoth." By W. BOYD DAWKINS.
- XI. Curious Animal-Aversions.
- XII. A Criticism of "The New Paul and Virginia."
- XIII. Snake-Incubation.

Price, 25 cents; or, \$3.00 per annum.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers,  
549 & 551 Broadway, N. Y.

Supplement No. 27 will be sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price.

## NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

September-October.

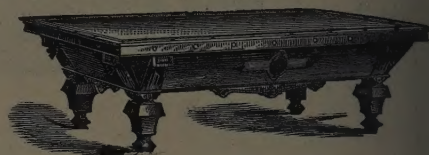
- I. Kin beyond Sea. By the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M. P.
- II. Torpedo Warfare. By D. D. PORTER, Admiral, U. S. N.
- III. Is the Reformer any longer needed? By GEORGE W. JULIAN.
- IV. The Readjustment of Vocations. By WM. T. HARRIS, LL. D.
- V. Civil-Service Reform. By JOHN JAY.
- VI. Alfred de Musset. By T. S. PERRY.
- VII. What is Inspiration? By the Rev. F. H. HEDGE, D. D. the Rev. E. A. WASHBURN, D. D.; the Rev. CHAUNCEY GILES; the Rev. J. P. NEWMAN, D. D.; the Most Rev. JAMES GIBBONS, D. D., Archbishop of Baltimore; and JOHN FISKE.
- VIII. Contemporary Literature.

Price per Copy, \$1.00; per Year, \$5.00.

D. APPLETON & CO., PUBLISHERS.

Orders should be addressed to *The North American Review*, New York.

## THE STANDARD AMERICAN BILLIARD TABLES



THE STANDARD AMERICAN BEVEL TABLE, with the Combination Cushions, has received the unqualified approbation of all the leading players, and will be found in daily use in the principal cities of the world. The characteristics which have given these tables and cushions a world-wide reputation are: FIRST-CLASS WORKMANSHIP, UNIFORMITY OF CONSTRUCTION, AND DURABILITY.

H. W. COLLENDER,

Surviving Partner and Successor to PHELAN & COLLENDER,

788 BROADWAY,

Between Grace Church and A. T. Stewart's,

P. O. Box 1847.

NEW YORK.

## APPLETONS'

## Collection of Foreign Authors

THE design of the "Collection of Foreign Authors" is to give selections from the better current light literature of France, Germany, and other countries of the European Continent, translated by competent hands. The series is published in uniform 16mo volumes, at a low price, and bound in paper covers and in cloth.

SAMUEL BROHL AND COMPANY. A Novel. From the French of VICTOR CHERBULIEZ. (Forming No. 1 of Appletons' "Collection of Foreign Authors.") 16mo. Paper cover, 60 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

GERARD'S MARRIAGE. A Novel. From the French of ANDRÉ THEURIET. (Forming No. 2 of Appletons' "Collection of Foreign Authors.") 16mo. Paper cover, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

SPIRITE. A Fantasy. From the French of THÉOPHILE GAUTIER. (Forming No. 3 of Appletons' "Collection of Foreign Authors.") 16mo. Paper cover, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

THE TOWER OF PERCEMONT. From the French of GEORGE SAND. (Forming No. 4 of Appletons' "Collection of Foreign Authors.") 16mo. Paper cover, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

META HOLDENIS. A Novel. From the French of VICTOR CHERBULIEZ. (Forming No. 5 of Appletons' "Collection of Foreign Authors.") 16mo. Paper cover, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

ROMANCES OF THE EAST. From the French of COMTE DE GOBINEAU. (Forming No. 6 of Appletons' "Collection of Foreign Authors.") 16mo. Paper cover, 60 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

"As studies in local color these stories will be prized, yet they have considerable literary merit. Here and there, as in the Persian tale called the 'History of Gambèr-Aly,' there are gleams of veritable humor. There is at all times a briskness in these narratives, which in one instance is wrought up to dramatic intensity."—*New York Sun*.

RENEE AND FRANZ (LE BLEUET). From the French of GUSTAVE HALER. (Forming No. 7 of Appletons' "Collection of Foreign Authors.") 16mo. Paper cover, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

"I believe, in spite of the pseudonym, that this charming book is the work of a woman. The author is well versed in the study of the most opposite characters, and all the types given stand out in bold relief. The plot seems to be excellent, artistic, and not overdrawn. The public will be sure to encourage this remarkable effort of an exceedingly refined man or of a very powerfully-gifted woman."—*George Sand*.

\* Any volume, on receipt of the price, mailed, post-paid, to any address in the United States.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, 549 & 551 Broadway, New York.

MADAME GOSSELIN. A Novel. From the French of LOUIS ULBACH. (Forming No. 8 of Appletons' "Collection of Foreign Authors.") 16mo. Paper cover, 60 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

"Madame Gosselin" is an admirable novel. M. Ulbach characters are discovered to us in a masterly way, and with the finest gradations. One's interest is not only preserved but quickened from the start; new facts, with intimate bearings upon the personages whom they concern, are one after another related with the nicest sense. To remain unacquainted with M. Pleumeur to remain in ignorance of one of the best personages in modern fiction."—*N. Y. World*.

THE GODSON OF A MARQUIS. From the French of ANDRÉ THEURIET. (Forming No. 9 of Appletons' "Collection of Foreign Authors.") 16mo. Paper cover, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

"A graceful picture of country-life in France. The extreme finish of its style, the delicacy with which its little romance is treated, the skill with which sharp touches of Nature are everywhere introduced, and the general air of realism that pervades the work, are charms which make it one of the most pleasing books of the series."—*Boston Gazette*.

ARIADNE. From the French of HENRY GRÉVILLE. (Forming No. 10 of Appletons' "Collection of Foreign Authors.") 16mo. Paper cover, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

"A story charmingly told. It is a Russian tale, very simple plot, exquisitely sad, yet withal so finely conceived and strikingly finished, that no one could change a word in the literary gem. It is the story of the growth and training of an artist, a fine, great singer, with all her trials and struggles, yet with a woman's soul craving for love, and dying because deprived of it."—*New York Evening Express*.

SAFAR-HADGI; or, Russ and Turcoman. From the French of Prince LUBOMIRSKI. (Forming No. 11 of Appletons' "Collection of Foreign Authors.") 16mo. Paper cover, 60 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

IN PARADISE. From the German of PAUL HEYSE. (Forming No. 12 of Appletons' "Collection of Foreign Authors.") In 2 vols. 16mo. Per vol. paper cover, 60 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

REMORSE. A Novel. From the French of TH. BENTZON. (Forming No. 13 of Appletons' "Collection of Foreign Authors.") 16mo. Paper cover, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.





EXTRA-FINE WOODCUT AND PICTORIAL INKS.

COLORED INKS.

LITHOGRAPH AND PLATE INKS.

Engraving America, Picturesque Europe, and *The Art Journal* are printed with our extra-fine woodcut ink.

## APPLETON'S JOURNAL, FOR OCTOBER.

### CONTENTS.

PICTURE. Illustration to "A Hidden Treasure," Drawn by C. S. REDHART.

"THE MULTITUDINOUS SEAS." I. (With Illustrations.) By S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

ILLUSTRATIONS: Mirage—St. Elmo's Light—Four Water-Spirits—Vapor on Waves produced by Electricity—Lunar Halo—Fog-Bow.

KING'S KISS. A Poem. By NORA PERRY.

HIDDEN TREASURE. A Story. By CHRISTIAN REID. Part I.

THE LAKES. A Poem. By B. D. GILBERT.

THE UNIVERSITY. Descriptive of Aberdeen University, Scotland. By D. C. MACDONALD.

THE ALMIGHTY. Verses. By EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE YEAR ROMANCE. A True Tale of Western Life. By J. STANLEY HALL. (Conclusion.)

THE. By F. S. SALTUS.

KEEPING, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN. By MARY SHELTON.

THE HUMS. (From the Turkish.) By JOEL BENTON.

THE SWANSTREAM MATCH. A Story. By ELIZABETH STODARD.

THE AZORES. By LYMAN H. WEEKS.

GARET SINCLAIR'S SILENT MONEY. A Story. By AMELIA E. BARE.

SONNETS. I. The Eagle. II. The Lark. By JOHN MORAN.

THE MEMOIRS. By JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

THE TREATMENT FOR THE NERVOUS. By GEORGE M. BEARD, M. D.

THE CSARDAS. Sketch of a Hungarian Dance. By FANNY FOSTER.

THE CERTAIN BIOGRAPHERS. A Poem. By CONSTANCE FLEMING WOOLSON.

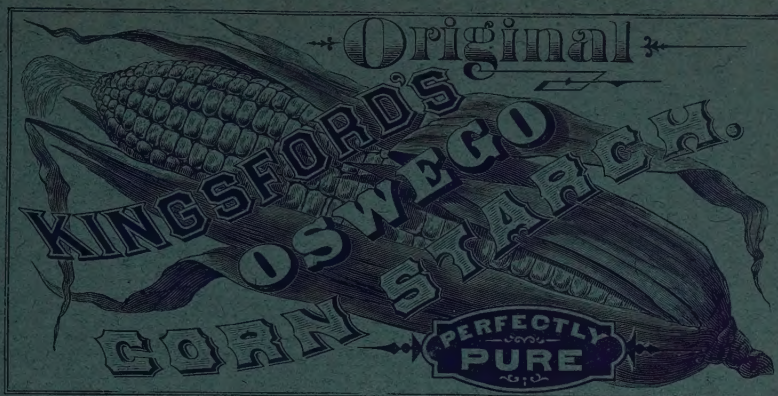
THE OR'S TABLE: Reopening of the Theatre at Pompeii—Use of Poor Novels—American Triple Names—Sonnet—Poets' Wives.

THE MEN OF THE DAY: English Men of Letters: No. 1. Samuel Johnson; No. 2. Edward Gibbon—Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads"—"The China-Hunter's Club"—Mrs. Child's "Aspirations of the World"—Harrison's "Greek Vagabonds"—The Cossacks—Ariadne—Play-Day Poems—Hathorport—Lockyer's "Studies in Spectrum Analysis."

Twenty-five cents per number: \$3.00 per annum.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, New York.

# T. KINGSFORD & SON.



## ART MANUALS.

### Schools and Masters of Painting.

With an Appendix on the Principal Galleries of Europe. By A. G. RADCLIFFE. With Illustrations and Index of Artists. 1 vol. 12mo. Cloth, \$3.00.

CONTENTS.—I. Pagan Painting. II. Rise of Christian Art. III. Byzantine and Miniature Painting. IV. Early Italian Painting. V. Traditions of Painting. VI. Italian Painting in the Fifteenth Century. VII. Leonardo Da Vinci and Michael Angelo. VIII. Raphael and Correggio. IX. Painting in Venice. X. Later Italian Painting. XI. Early German and Flemish. XII. German Painting in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries. XIII. Later German and Flemish Painting. XIV. Painting in Holland. XV. In Spain. XVI. In France. XVII. In England. XVIII. In the Nineteenth Century. XIX. Schools of Painting. XX. World Pictures.

### Studio, Field, and Gallery.

A Manual of Painting for the Student and Amateur. With Information for the General Reader. By HORACE J. ROLLIN. 1 vol., 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

"The work is a small one, but it is comprehensive in its scope; it is written as tersely as possible, with no waste sentences, and scarcely any waste words, and to amateur artists and art students it will be invaluable as a hand-book of varied information for ready reference."—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

"The author evidently understands his subject thoroughly, and puts his case clearly and succinctly. The book will be of no little service to those who would become students or professors of art."—*N. Y. Evening Express*.

"A want which has long been felt is now filled by the issue of this manual."—*Boston Globe*.

"This useful book will supply the place of a score of manuals of distinct specialties in art."—*Boston Gazette*.

"It is just such a hand-book as art-students have long needed and looked for in vain."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, 549 & 551 Broadway, New York.



THERE IS A REASON FOR EVERYTHING.  
The reason why

Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient

Has such a salutary effect upon disorders attended with-inflammatory or febrile symptoms is, that it induces a gentle, almost imperceptible perspiration, which reduces the heat of the blood, that its laxative influence further tends to cool.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

## YOUR MONOGRAM.

On receipt of \$5.00 we will forward to any address, free of charge, 500 DELICIOUS CIGARETTES, each beautifully decorated with monogram or name, manufactured from VANITY FAIR Tobacco. Also a small size, with or without mouth-piece, expressly for ladies.

Please be careful in giving order and shipping directions.

PEERLESS TOBACCO-WORKS.

Address

W. S. KIMBALL & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

ORDERS MAY BE GIVEN TO ANY FIRST-CLASS CIGAR-DEALER.



# THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT

## OF THE

# New York Life Insurance Co

OFFICE, Nos. 346 & 348 BROADWAY.

JANUARY 1, 1878.

AMOUNT OF NET CASH ASSETS JANUARY 1, 1877, ..... \$32,730,898 20

### REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums received and deferred.....	\$6,232,394 70		
Less deferred premiums January 1, 1877.....	432,095 40	\$5,799,699 30	
Interest received and accrued.....	2,168,015 85		
Less accrued January 1, 1877.....	300,558 68	1,867,457 17	7,667,156 1
			\$40,898,054 1

### DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Losses by death, including additions.....	\$1,638,128 39		
Endowments matured and discounted.....	185,160 12		
Life annuities and reinsurance.....	194,318 86		
Dividends and returned premiums on cancelled policies.....	2,421,847 36		
Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses, and physicians' fees.....	531,526 03		
Taxes, office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc.....	501,025 90		
Reduction of premiums on United States stocks.....	\$211,112 72		
Reduction on other stocks.....	12,030 00		
Contingent fund to cover any depreciation in value of real estate.....	250,000 00	473,142 72	5,945,149 3
			\$34,452,905 3

### ASSETS.

Cash in bank, on hand, and in transit, since received.....	\$1,216,301 61		
Invested in United States, New York City, and other stocks (market value \$13,379,930 33).....	12,875,584 69		
Real estate.....	3,350,268 07		
Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for \$13,580,000, and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security).....	15,379,202 23		
* Loans on existing policies (the reserve held by the Company on these policies amounts to \$3,445,195).....	695,234 74		
* Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to January 1, 1878.....	396,289 26		
* Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection (estimated reserve on these policies, \$674,000; included in liabilities).....	167,183 37		
Agents' balances.....	50,945 97		
Accrued interest on investments to January 1, 1878.....	315,895 35		
			\$34,452,905 3

\* A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

Excess of market value of securities over cost..... 504,343 3

CASH ASSETS, January 1, 1878..... \$31,957,230 0

Appropriated as follows:

Adjusted losses, due subsequent to January 1, 1878.....	\$348,069 48		
Reported losses, awaiting proof, etc.....	112,897 84		
Reserved for reinsurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per cent., Carlisle, net premium; non-participating at 5 per cent., Carlisle, net premium.....	31,022,405 99		
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, over and above a 4 per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class.....	792,302 22		
Reserved for premiums paid in advance.....	17,430 91	32,293,106 1	

Divisible surplus at 4 per cent..... \$2,664,144 49

Surplus, estimated by the New York State standard at 4 per cent. over..... 6,000,000 0

From the undivided surplus of \$2,664,144 49 the Board of Trustees has declared a reversionary dividend, available on settlement of next annual premium to participating policies proportionate to their contribution to surplus.

During the year 6,597 policies have been issued, insuring \$20,156,639.

Number of policies in force January 1, 1876.....	44,561	Amount at risk January 1, 1876.....	\$126,132 11
Number of policies in force January 1, 1877.....	45,421	Amount at risk January 1, 1877.....	127,746 47
Number of policies in force January 1, 1878.....	45,605	Amount at risk January 1, 1878.....	127,901 24
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. January 1, 1876.....	\$2,499,656		
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. January 1, 1877.....	2,626,816		
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. January 1, 1878.....	2,664,144		

### TRUSTEES.

MORRIS FRANKLIN, I. F. SEYMOUR, HENRY BOWERS, WM. H. APPLETON, WILLIAM H. BEERS, GEORGE A. OSGOOD,  
ROBERT B. COLLINS, JOHN MAIRS, WILLIAM BARTON, EDWARD MARTIN, H. B. CLAFLIN, JOHN M. FURMAN,  
CHARLES WRIGHT, M. D., DAVID DOWS, WILLIAM A. BOOTH, ISAAC C. KENDALL, LOOMIS L. WHITE, EDW. A. WHITTEMORE

MORRIS FRANKLIN, President.

WILLIAM H. BEERS, Vice-President and Actuary.

THEODORE M. BANTA, Cashier.  
D. O'DELL, Superintendent of Agencies.

CHARLES WRIGHT, M. D., Residence, 109 E. 26th St., } Medical  
HENRY TUCK, M. D., Residence, 15 E. 31st St., } Examiners.